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Selections.

From the New World.

CASTE IN THE CHURCH.

Upright men shall be astonished at this.—*Job.*

It is a principle of justice and common sense, that all new laws shall be properly promulgated; and among the methods that have been proposed of "apprising men, not only of recent statutes, but of such other general heads of the law as are most important to be known," the learned Professor Woodeson advises "that the reading or exhibiting them in places of divine worship, might add to the veneration due to our legal polity, more especially to those provisions which are enacted to promote the precepts of natural morality." It is a grave question how far morality would be the gainer, were the plan adopted in this country, where laws are so often enacted upon the overthrow of just principle, to gratify the prejudices of the populace, or to advance the interests of a party; but the suggestion is a good one for the promulgation of the new doctrines from time to time established in the Church, the new rules of faith and practice adopted by our ecclesiastical assemblies and church organs, which every clergyman might expound from the pulpit to his people. "New doctrines in the Church!" exclaims a reader; "this comes of Transcendentalism, Unitarianism, and Atheism. Happy am I in being a son of the Episcopal Church, founded upon the apostles and prophets, the pillar and ground of the truth, whose doctrines never change!"

It is of the *Episcopal Church*, and of that only, that we intend to speak; and as some new rules established by the bishops and clergy in convention assembled, have been carefully concealed by them from the world, we will reverse the plan of Professor Woodeson, and instead of publishing laws from the pulpit, we will disclose doctrines through the press. However acceptable may be this course to the churchmen, generally, we are well aware that some will read this paper with displeasure, and others with indifference, either real or affected; and in advance, we advise those who wish to escape all connection with matters of questionable popularity, to follow the example of the ancient sceptics, and when asked their opinion of its truth, to reply, in the language of their worthy prototypes—οὐδὲν ὁρίζω, I refrain from judging, οὐδὲν ὁρίζω, I define nothing.*

In the month of June, 1839, the board of trustees of the General Theological Seminary, composed of the bishops, and clerical, and lay delegates from the different States and territories, met at New-York, and their proceedings were subsequently published in a pamphlet. From the minutes, it appears that a candidate for holy orders, in the diocese of New-York, applied to them, by petition, to be allowed to enter the seminary as a student; that the petition was referred to a committee, consisting of the Right Rev. Bishop H. U. Onderdonk, Doctors James Milnor, and Hugh Smith, and Esquires Wm. Johnson, David B. Ogden, and Edward A. Newton; who, after deliberate consideration, recommended a resolution of rejection, which was adopted; that the Right Rev. Bishop Doane asked leave to enter his protest against the decision, and that leave was not granted. Neither the reasons for the decision, nor the disqualification of the candidate, are even intimated by the minutes; but it does appear that the right of every candidate for orders to enter the seminary was expressly guarantied by the constitution, which the trustees were bound to obey; and that this fact was well known to them, from an amendment proposed by the bishop of New-York, while the matter was pending, to the very clause upon which they were trampling.

The true cause which led the trustees to nullify the constitution, and deny the right of the candidate, and which they were ashamed to acknowledge, was, that he was a *colored* man; and this was the only cause; since his diocesan, Bishop Onderdonk, of New-York, has declared, in the Churchman, (November 4, 1839,) that he explicitly stated to them, "that if they should think it right and proper to admit a colored man into the seminary, he considered the applicant before them *one in whose case it might with great safety and propriety be done.*"

Nothing can be clearer than that the trustees, by that act, not only exceeded their powers, and violated the trust reposed in them, but deliberately established a system of CASTE in the Church—not among its lower members only; not among the laity alone—but among the very clergy who approach us as embassadors of God, and minister at His altars; caste as palpable as that which separates, in heathen India, the Brahmin from the Soodra. They established a principle which would justify us in regarding the colored man as an inferior being, intended to occupy a lower sphere in the scale of creation; which designates him as one whose constitutional privileges we may innocently annul; whom we may, without a pang of guilt, or a blush of shame, insult, injure, and oppress, even though he be one arrayed by Episcopal hands in the robes of the priesthood—who walks forth a messenger of the Most High.

It was subsequently admitted, by some of the trustees, in private, that they so acted from dread of popular prejudice, and from fear the southern patronage of the seminary might be withdrawn, were the candidate admitted. By their own showing, they did evil that good might come; acting upon that same principle of expediency in which the African slave trade took its rise, when Las Casas, trusting to human policy rather than to God's command, commenced a system, which, after the lapse of centuries, yearly consigns to wretchedness and death, hundreds of thousands of the sons of Africa.

An excuse so base and wicked, however, has not been generally avowed; and as churchmen, we demand from those who have established caste in the Church, the reasons of the innovation. Though they have shown little disposition to resemble the old Roman, who was so conscious of his own integrity as to wish for windows in his breast, that the whole world might see what was passing there, we must ask them to open the shutters and let us know the grounds of the doctrine they have propounded for our adoption. "The public have a right," says an English writer, "and ought to be satisfied with regard to the conduct, ability, and integrity of their judges. It is from these sources alone, that genuine respect and authority can be derived; and an endeavor to make these appendages to office, independent of the personal character and conduct of the judge, is an attempt, which, in this free and enlightened country, probably never will succeed. The freedom of inquiry is not only essential to the integrity of the community; but every judge, conscious of integrity, and acting honorably, ought to promote, and rejoice in the exercise of it."†

If there is truth in these remarks, as regards the judges, they are equally applicable to the trustees of the seminary; and we have been led to think, from their conduct, that they have forgotten in what age they live; "an age," when, in the words of Webster, "neither nations nor individuals can divest themselves of responsibility before the world." Our clerical bodies, of all denominations, will do well to remember that they are acting before the eyes of men, and that the sanctity of their professions, so far from inducing in the people a belief in their infallibility, only expose them to a stricter scrutiny; and that every act of clerical inconsistency, every crouching to an unholy prejudice, will be apt to reflect their own dishonor upon the Church at large. Least of all, will the honest Christian be disposed to take all things for granted. He well knows, from history, that murder may be committed on the bench, and spiritual oppression may be sheltered by the mitre; and he feels that although the ermine or the lawn may palliate the act in the eyes of the world, it would be blasphemy to suppose it lessens its guilt in Heaven's chancery above. He must be ignorant, indeed, who supposes the clergy, as a body, to be exempt from the influence of ambition, and the love of power. Human nature is not put off when the clerical robe is put on; but as face answereth to face in a glass, so answereth the heart of man to man.

Let not our clergy fear that the Church will suffer from too close an examination of any doctrine they may propound. *Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi*—truth fears nothing but concealment. If the doctrine is wrong, it should be discarded; if true, its claims should be enforced, and we have the promise of Scripture, "He that hath clean hands, shall grow stronger and stronger." No worse plan can be adopted to secure peace than to attempt to stifle instead of to convince. "To enjoin silence," remarks Mr. Newman, "upon perplexed inquiries, is not to silence their thoughts, which, in the case of serious minds, naturally turn to the spiritual Ruler for advice and relief, *and are disappointed at the timidity, or intimidated at the harshness of those who refuse to lead a lawful inquiry which they cannot stifle.*"‡

In relation to the right of laymen to examine for themselves, the doctrines propounded by the clergy—if there are any who entertain the slightest doubt—they may be satisfied by the following authority, from a source whence lax opinions of the powers of bishops are not likely to come: "It has always been agreeable to the principles of the Church, that, if a bishop taught and upheld what was contrary to the orthodox faith, the clergy and people were not bound to submit, but were obliged to maintain the true religion; and if excommunicated by such bishops, they were not accounted to be cut off from the Church."† As for the cry of peace, we have the experience of ages to teach us that peace may be purchased at too dear a price. In the language of Dr. Hook, to which all must subscribe, "Every Christian man, whether *laic* or cleric, is in duty bound to consider, *not what is expedient, at the moment, for the sake of peace,* BUT WHAT IS BENEFICIAL TO THE CAUSE OF TRUTH." And according to these just views, there is no reason why we should not scrutinize as clearly, and attack as vigorously, prejudice against color, when it enters the Church of God, robed in the vestments of the priesthood, and armed with ecclesiastical authority, as when it heads a lawless gang of shirtless ruffians, or is applauded in the stupid huzzas of a worthless rabble.

For our own part, we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that there is more reason in hanging for forgery, and burning for heresy, than in persecuting a man on account of the skin given him by God. We scarcely suppose that the merit of antiquity will be claimed for caste, founded on color, while Cyprian, Tertullian, and Augustine, are named with reverence; and however excellent may be thought the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, "Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum, est," &c. it was never so believed of caste. It is a new principle, a new doctrine, a new order in the Church; and one which, judging from appearances, is, without a vigorous opposition, likely to continue. The example set by the trustees, in oppressing a man for the color of his skin, has been widely followed. In New-York, a respectable citizen has been rudely ejected from a railroad car even as the candidate for holy orders was by them refused admittance to the seminary. In this State, the colored population are deprived of the right of suffrage, unless the disqualifying tint is removed by a property qualification. In Philadelphia, they have been again and again exposed to the fury of cruel mobs; their houses have been plundered and burnt; and their families and their little ones, driven forth to meet, unsheltered, the storm and the tempest, have sought in flight that protection which the municipal authorities did not conceive themselves bound to render to wretches guilty of a colored skin; their sympathies being rather with the human wolves whom the hunted fugitives were seeking to escape.

In the capital of our country, free colored men are liable to arrest, on suspicion of being fugitive slaves. If unable to prove their freedom, they are sold as slaves; and if, after being incarcerated for weeks within the damp and gloomy walls of a prison, they succeed in obtaining the evidence of their freedom, they are still liable to be sold as slaves for life, if they are too poor to pay the jail fees. In Alabama, a more summary law has been enacted, by which any free man of color coming into the State after its passage, may be seized, and held as a slave for life, by the first white man who catches him; and in Florida, a law obtains, which puts to the blush the tale of Shylock and his single pound of flesh. Free colored debtors may be sold as slaves, to satisfy the claim of any white creditor.

In the Church, also, the example of the trustees is strictly followed. They rejected a candidate in 1839; and to the end of his days will he and his people suffer from that illegal act of oppression. Another colored candidate for orders in this diocese is debarred, as we are informed, at the present time, for the same reason, from sharing in the privileges of his white brethren. These gentlemen have been blamed for not submitting cheerfully to such cruel treatment; and in the case of the first, his very petition to the trustees was considered by the bishop, a violation of his duty as a candidate for orders. We know not how far canonical obedience in such matters extends; but we do know that there is a high duty now resting upon the colored people, both in and out of the Church, to maintain their rights; and if a candidate feels, as justly he may feel, that entrance to the seminary is not a boon to be asked, but a right to be demanded, we wonder not that the spirit of a man should be aroused within him at the unconstitutional vote of rejection, like that which swelled the breast of Paul, when he cowed not before his accusers, unmindful of his civil privileges, but with conscious dignity exclaimed, "I am a Roman citizen!"

The Rev. Peter Williams, for many years a respectable clergyman of this State, was never allowed to sit as a member of the convention; nor has the church of St. Phillp's, of which he was the pastor, been yet represented in that body. He died soon after the act of the trustees, upon which we have been remarking, was exposed to the world; and to counteract, as far as possible, the indignation it had excited, the clergy in a body attended his funeral, and the bishop of New-York pronounced from the pulpit a high eulogium upon his character. Several of the clergy admitted that it was done merely for effect; and one of them bitterly remarked, at the funeral, that the empty honors to the lifeless dust were a poor atonement for the insults so often offered to the living man. The Rev. Mr. De Grasse, another colored clergyman of the Episcopal church, of fine talents, excellent acquirements, and amiable disposition, who, after a residence of some years in this city, sought in the West Indies the respectful treatment and sympathy he could not find at home, and who there ended his early years by a Christian's death, once said to us, with tears in his eyes, "I feel that the bishop, and many of the clergy, are against us; that they do not want any colored clergymen in the Church. I have struggled against the convictions, but it is impossible to resist it; the proofs are too strong; I experience it daily; I know it is so."

Ay! this aristocracy of color is maintained, not only in God's temples, but even in that last abode where all distinctions have been supposed to disappear. In the very grave-yard, where death reigns as conqueror, and worms revel on the mouldering remains of manliness and beauty; where pride, and pomp, and power, have doffed their trappings, and have said to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister; where the voice of passion is forever stilled, and the heart that has ceased to beat is cold as the marble beneath which it reposes,—even here, among the tombs, prejudice has his dwelling like the demoniac of old, and caste, under the sanction of the Church, rears his hideous and revolting form. How many similar instances there may be, we know not; that we cite, has come under our immediate notice. The vestry and wardens of an Episcopal church in the city of New-York, a few years since, accepted a deed for a cemetery, which was demised to them upon the express condition embodied in the indenture, "*that they should never suffer any colored person to be buried in any part of the same;*" and all the subsequent conveyances on the part of the church, of vaults and burial places, are subject to the same condition. It was at the same provided, that the Presbyterian minister of the town, whoever he might be, might be interred therein, without charge; but had the Rev. Peter Williams died in the town, not all the clergy who followed his hearse, nor the exalted eulogium of his bishop, could have obtained for his bones a resting-place in that aristocratic grave-yard. They might have been fated to remain within the borders of a sister parish, like the corse of the murdered Polidore ἀκλαύτος, ἄταφος,*—unlamented, uninterred.

It matters little, to be sure, to our colored brethren, where their dust is laid, when the soul, escaped from its prison-house, has reached that happy land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; and"—blest thought for the slave—"the servant is freed from his master," compared with their treatment while denizens of earth; but we trust there will not be many grave-yards, when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead at the trump of the archangel and the voice of God, whose re-animated spirits, clothed in their proper bodies, shall exhibit to the assembled universe before the judgment bar, the spectacle of caste—an aristocracy of color—untarnished by the presence of a single soul that in this world had been guilty of the enormity of a black skin.

What is the object of this systematic persecution? The persecutions of ancient times had at least a plausible pretext to support them. The statute *ex officio*, for instance, procured by the pliant Henry IV. at the request of the bishops, authorized and commanded them to proceed against all persons suspected of being tainted with heresy, and commit all who were found guilty to prison, so long as to their discretion should be thought expedient, and fine them as they should think competent to the offense; and in case they refused to abjure and recant, the said person, after the sentence had been pronounced, should "be burned in the sight of all the people, to the intent that this kind of punishment might be a terror unto others."

Here was a definite object professed, to prevent other persons becoming heretics; but what was the object of the trustees, and their many coadjutors? Was it to frighten the blacks into pale faces, or to induce them to beget white children? Surely they might have remembered the question of old, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" It is God who hath colored them; and who were the trustees, to say to their Maker, "What doest thou, and why hast thou made them thus?" Pity it is that in that eventful hour when *caste* was formally established in the Church, no voice had reminded them of the words, "But the Lord said unto Samuel, *look not upon his countenance;* the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh at the heart."†

The blacks, it is true, are a persecuted race, and, because persecuted, to some extent degraded; and the Church so far from affording them a shelter from the storm, becoming to them as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, giving them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joins herself to the army of their oppressors. So far from opening her arms to receive them, and appealing to them in the affectionate tones, "Will ye also go away!" she scourges them from the portals they fain would enter. Possibly the dignitaries of the Church may imagine that the sanctity of their office lightens the burden of their harsh treatment—the experience of those on whom it falls might tell a different tale. Charles II. of Spain, in 1665, implored the Inquisition to indulge him with an *Auto da fe*, and when his request was granted, his royal hands supplied a faggot. "The sticks were gilt, adorned with flowers, and tied up with ribbons," but we do not learn that these graceful ornaments alleviated the anguish of the victims to his kingly malice.

One might imagine there were enough in the present condition of our colored people to enlist the sympathies rather than the prejudices of Christians. But it seems to be the reverse, and the Episcopal church, as represented by the trustees of the seminary, is now a precedent for every infringement of their rights, however unconstitutional, for every outrage upon their character and feelings, however inexcusable. Such, however, is not the real character of our church, however it may be the characteristic of inconsistent churchmen, who sacrifice her Catholic unity and her holiest principles to their own interested views of expediency. In the Church the claim of universal brotherhood is fully recognized, and he who denies it is a traitor to her faith. No word of her creed, no line in her articles lends the slightest sanction to any form of oppression—to the slavery of the whip, or the slavery of prejudice. If the voice of humanity speaks forcibly to other Christians, with what words of power does it address itself to churchmen—speaketh it not in every page of her noble liturgy—breatheth it not in her heavenly teachings, her holy devotions, her solemn litany—toucheth it not the heart of every true churchman, when Sunday by Sunday, in God's house, he unites his petitions with those of the congregation, in commending to "His fatherly goodness *all those who are destitute or oppressed in mind, body, or estate; that it may please him to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and an happy issue out of all their afflictions;*" or when to the prayer of the priests, "that it may please him to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, *and all who are destitute and oppressed*," the united response rises to Heaven, "we beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

That bishops should ever side with the oppressor, is strange, indeed. To each one, at his consecration, was put the solemn question, "*will you show yourself gentle, and be merciful for* CHRIST'S *sake to all poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help?*" and from each has come the answer, "I WILL SO SHOW MYSELF BY GOD'S HELP." No wonder that Bishop Doane rose in the board of trustees to enter his protest against that cruel decision. We know there are some, we trust there are many, who are ready on all fitting occasions to follow his example. Two instances we will mention, because so nearly connected with our subject. The Rev. Mr. Burgess, and the Rev. Mr. Coxe, of Hartford, have disregarded and treated with contempt the principle, acted upon by the board. The very individual whose petition the trustees rejected, and whose name was stricken from the roll of candidates in this diocese, having been admitted to deacon's orders by the late excellent Bishop Griswold, officiated in the churches of both these gentlemen, was received and treated by them, in the presence of large and fashionable congregations as an equal brother, and not a syllable of disapprobation disturbed the harmony of the scene. Such is the contrast between Christian consistency, and a temporizing expediency; and we venture to believe that the trustees, although deeply vexed at the silent but stern rebuke administered by these gentlemen, will admire their boldness and independence. Soon may the day come, when no person holding the high and holy office of the priesthood, shall be found among the oppressors of the black man. Soon may our clergy learn that no opposition from without, no malicious slanders, no infidel sneers, can injure their reputation, character and influence, as much as one broad, plain, undeniable inconsistency like this.

(To be continued.)

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* Quoted by Sextus Empiricus, in his Pyrronian Hypotyposes.

† Letters to Lord Mansfield, by Andrew Stuart.

* The Arians of the fourth century, by John Henry Newman. London, 1832. pp. 156–7.

† Oxford Tracts, 1st vol. p. 90.

* Opening Speech of the Ghost of Polidore, in the Hecuba of Euripides.

† 1 Samuel, 16, 17.

ADDRESS,

To the Non-Slaveholders of the South, on the Social and Political Evils of Slavery.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Hostility to *you* is not one of the many and grievous crimes which it has been thought expedient to charge upon abolitionists. If we are plotters of insurrection and massacre, it is not *your* destruction we are coveting. If we are thieves and robbers, it is not *your* property we are coveting. If we are reckless of every human and divine obligation, it is not that we are actuated by malice toward *you*. No personal interest prompts *you* to drown the voice of reason, of religion, of humanity, in ferocious clamors. Of you we now ask a patient audience. We are about to spread before you a series of FACTS respecting the truth of which there can be and will be no question; and you will decide for yourselves how far they justify the inferences we shall draw from them.

We have contended that slavery is cruel and unjust, and consequently sinful. It is but in accordance with the corrupt passions of the human heart, that the expression of such sentiments should excite the malignity of those who rejoice in holding their fellow-men as beasts of burden. Nor is it surprising that the teachers of religion among you, whose influence and maintenance depend on their reputed sanctity, should be greatly scandalized by our audacity in reproaching them for upholding, and participating in, a system which annihilates the conjugal and parental relations, denies all the rights of conscience, and practically withholds the scriptures and religious instruction from one third of the whole population of the slave States.

We need not tell you that the falsity of an opinion is not to be inferred from the wrath and violence with which it is resisted; nor need we labor to convince you of the iniquity of a system whose abominations daily and hourly meet your gaze. The object of this address is to call your attention to the injuries inflicted by this system upon yourselves and your children, and thus to induce you to use your best endeavors for its utter extermination.

With *you* rests the power of perpetuating or destroying slavery. It lives by *your* sufferance, it dies at *your* mandate. We are well aware that these assertions will be received by you and others with surprise and incredulity. But we ask your attention to the following considerations and statistics.

We all know that the sugar and cotton cultivation of the South is conducted, not like the agriculture of the North, on small farms and with few hands, but on vast plantations and with large gangs of negroes, technically called "the force." In the breeding States, men, women, and children, form the great staple for exportation; and like other stock, require capital on the part of those who follow the business of rearing them. It is also a matter of notoriety, that the price of slaves has been, and still is, such as to confine their possession almost exclusively to the rich. We might as well talk of poor men owning herds of cattle and studs of horses, as gangs of negroes. When an infant will bring one hundred, and a man from four hundred to a thousand dollars in the market, slaves are not commodities to be found in the cabins of the poor. You are moreover aware that the great capitalists of the South have their wealth chiefly invested in plantations and slaves, and not, as with us, in commerce and manufactures.

It has been repeatedly stated that Mr. Carrol, of Baltimore, the former president of the colonization society, was the owner of 1,000 slaves. The newspapers, in announcing the death of Mr. Pollock, of North Carolina, remarked that he had left 1,500 slaves. In the account of Mr. Madison's funeral, it was mentioned that he was followed to the grave by 100 of his slaves, and it is probable that the women and children were not included. The following article from the Gospel Messenger for August, 1842, gives us some idea of the feudal vassalage prevailing on the estates of some of your lordly planters: "A NOBLE DEED.—Dr. Mercer, of Adams county, Mississippi, has lately erected, at his own expense, and for the advantage of his *vast* plantation, and the people on his lands, a neat church and parsonage house, at the cost of over $30,000. He pays the salary of the minister, $1,200 a year, besides his meat and bread. On Bishop Otey's late visit to that congregation, he and Mr. Deacon, the incumbent, baptised in one day *one hundred and eight* children and *ten* adults, all belonging to the plantation."

At the North, a farmer hires as many *men* as his work requires; at the South, the laborers cannot be separated from the *women* and *children*. These are *property*, and must be owned by somebody. Now, when we take this last circumstance into consideration, and at the same time recollect that the very value of the slaves debars the poor from owning them; and connect these two facts with the character of the cultivation in which slave labor is employed, we must be ready to admit that those who do employ this species of labor, cannot, on an average, hold less than *ten slaves*, including able bodied men, their wives and children. It appears by the census, that of the slave population, the two sexes are almost exactly equal in number; and that there are two children under 10 years of age, for every male slave over that age. Hence, if a planter employs only three men, we may take it for granted that his slave family consists of at least 12 souls, viz: 3 men, 3 women, and 6 children. We of course estimate the number of children too low, since there will be some over two years of age. It thus appears that the average number of slaves we assign to each slaveholder is probably far below the truth, but we purposely avoid even the approach to exaggeration. Now the number of slaves in the United States (Am. Almanac for 1842,) is 2,487,113; of course, according to our estimate of ten slaves to one master, there can be only 248,711 slaveholders.

The number of *white males over 20 years of age* in the slave States and territories is	1,016,307
Deduct slaveholders, viz:	248,711
And we have the number we are now addressing,	767,596

We are not forgetful that our enumeration must embrace some who are the *sons* of slaveholders, and who are therefore interested in upholding the system,—but we are fully convinced that our estimate of the number of slaveholders is far beyond the truth, and that we may therefore safely throw out of account the very moderate number of slaveholders' sons above 20 years of age, and not themselves possessing slaves.

Here, then, fellow-citizens, you see you strength. You have a majority of 518,885 over the slaveholders; and now we repeat that with a numerical majority of more than half a million, slavery lives or dies at *your* behest.

We know that this result is so startling and unexpected, that you will scarcely credit the testimony of figures themselves. It is so commonly taken for granted, that every white man at the South is a slaveholder, that many will doubtingly inquire, where are these non-slaveholding citizens to be found? We answer, everywhere. Is poverty a rare occurence in any country? Has it ever happened that the mass of any people were rich enough to keep for their own convenience such expensive animals as southern slaves? Slavery, moreover, is monopolizing in its tendency, and leads to the accumulation of property in few hands. It is also to be observed, that the high price of slaves and the character of the cultivation in which they are employed, both conspire to concentrate this class of laborers on particular spots, and in the hands of large proprietors. Now the census shows that in some districts the slaves are collected in vast numbers; while in others they are necessarily few. Thus, for instance, in Georgetown district, South Carolina, there are about 7.5 slaves to every white man, woman and child in the district. Now, if from the white population in this district we exclude all but the slaveholders themselves, the average number of slaves held by them would probably exceed one hundred. On the other hand, we find all through the slave States, many districts where the slaves bear a very small proportion to the whites, and where, of course, the non-slaveholders must form a vast and overwhelming majority. A few instances must suffice.

The whites are to the slaves in	Brook county,	Virginia,	as 85 to 1
"	"	"	Yancy,	N. Car.,	22 to 1
"	"	"	Union,	Georgia,	35 to 1
"	"	"	De Kalb,	Alabama,	16 to 1
"	"	"	Fentress,	Tennessee,	42 to 1
"	"	"	Morgan,	Kentucky,	74 to 1
"	"	"	Taney,	Missouri,	80 to 1
"	"	"	Searcy,	Arkansas,	311 to 1

There is not a State or territory in the Union in which you, fellow-citizens, have not an overwhelming majority over the slaveholders,* and the majority is probably the greatest in those in which the slaves are the most numerous, because in such they are chiefly concentrated on large plantations.

It has been the policy of the slaveholders to keep entirely out of sight their own numerical inferiority, and to speak and act as if *their* interests were those of the whole community. They are the nobility of the South, and they find it expedient to forget that there are any commoners. Hence with them slavery is THE INSTITUTION of the SOUTH, while it is in fact the institution of only a portion of the people of the South. It is their craft to magnify and extol the importance and advantages of *their* institution; and hence we are told by Gov. McDuffie, that slavery "is the CORNER STONE of our republican institution." To defend this corner stone from the assaults of truth and reason, he audaciously posposed to the legislature that abolitionists should be punished "with death without benefit of clergy." This gentleman, like most demagogues, while professing great zeal for the PEOPLE, whose interests were for the most part adverse to slavery, was in fact looking to his own aggrandizement. He was at the very time he uttered these absurd and murderous sentiments, a great planter, and his large "force" was said to have raised in 1836, no less than 122,500 lbs. of cotton.† In the same spirit, and with the same design, the report of a committee of the South Carolina legislature, made in 1842, speaks of slavery "as an ancient domestic institution *cherished in the hearts of the people at the South*, the eradication of which would demolish our whole system of policy, domestic, social, and political."

The slaveholders form a powerful landed aristocracy, banded together for the preservation of their own privileges, and ever endeavoring, for obvious reasons, to identify their private interests with the public welfare. Thus have the landed proprietors of England declaimed loudly on the blessings of dear bread, because the corn laws keep up rents, and the price of land. The wealth and influence of your aristocracy, together with your own poverty, have led you to look up to them with a reverence bordering on that which is paid to a feudal nobility by their hereditary dependents. Hence it is, that, unconscious of your own power, you have permitted them to assume, as of right, the whole legislation and government of your respective States. We now propose to call your attention to the practical results of that control over *your* interests, which, by your suffrance, they have so long exercised. We ask you to join us in the inquiry, how far you have been benefited by the care of your guardians, when compared with the people of the North, who have been left to govern themselves. We will pursue this inquiry in the following order—viz: 1. "Increase of population." 2. "State of education." 3. "State of industry and enterprise." 4. "Feeling towards the laboring classes." 5. "State of religion." 6. "State of morals." 7. "Disregard for human life." 8. "Disregard for constitutional obligations." 9. "Liberty of speech." 10. "Liberty of the press." 11. "Military weakness."

I. INCREASE OF POPULATION.

The ratio of increase of population, especially in this country, is one of the surest tests of public prosperity. Let us, then, again listen to the impartial testimony of the late census. From this we learn that the increase of population in the free States, from 1830 to 1840, was at the rate of 38 per cent. while the increase of the *free* population in the slave States was only 23 per cent. Why this difference of 15 in the two ratios? No other cause can be assigned than slavery, which drives from your borders many of the virtuous and enterprising, and at the same time deters emigrants from other States and from foreign countries from settling among you.

The influence of slavery on population is strikingly illustrated by a comparison between Kentucky and Ohio. These two States are of nearly equal areas. Kentucky, however, having about 3,000 square miles more than Ohio.‡ They are separated only by a river, and are both remarkable for the fertility of their soil; but one has, from the beginning, been cursed with slavery, and the other blessed with freedom. Now mark their respective careers. In 1792, Kentucky was erected into a State, and Ohio in 1802.

1790,	Free pop. of Kentucky,	61,227,	Ohio a wilderness.		
1800,	"	"	180,612,	"	free pop. 45,365
1810,	"	"	225,960,	"	230,760
1820,	"	"	437,585,	"	581,434
1830,	"	"	522,704,	"	9 7,903
1840,	"	"	597,570,	"	1,519,467

The representation of the two States in Congress, has been as follows:

1802,	Kentucky	6,	Ohio	1
1812,	"	9,	"	6
1822,	"	12,	"	14
1832,	"	13,	"	19
1842,	"	10,	"	21

The value of land, other things being equal, is in proportion to the density of population. Now the population of Ohio is 38.8 to a square mile, while the free population of Kentucky is but 14.2 to a square mile; and probably the price of land in the two States is much in the same proportion. You are told much of the wealth is invested in negroes; yet it obviously is a wealth that impoverishes, and no stronger evidence of the truth of this assertion is needed, than the comparative price of land in the free and slave States. The two principal cities of Kentucky and Ohio, are Louisville and Cincinnati; the former with a population of 21,210, the latter with a population of 46,338. Why this difference? The question is answered by the *Louisville Journal*. The editor, speaking of the two rival cities, remarks:

"The most potent cause of the more rapid advancement of Cincinnati than Louisville, is the ABSENCE OF SLAVERY. The same influences which made Ohio the young giant of the West, and is advancing Indiana to a grade higher than Kentucky, have operated in the *Queen* city. They have no *dead weight to carry*, and consequently have the advantage in the race."

In 1840, Mr. C. M. Clay, a member of the Kentucky legislature, published a pamphlet against the repeal of the law prohibiting the importation of slaves from the other States. We extract the following:

"The world is teeming with improved machinery, the combined development of science and art. *To us, it is all lost; we are comparatively living in centuries that are gone; we cannot make it, we cannot use it when made.* Ohio is many years younger, and possessed of fewer advantages than our State. Cincinnati has manufactories to sustain her; last year she put up one thousand houses. Louisville, with superior natural advantages, as all the world knows, wrote 'to rent,' upon many of her houses. OHIO IS A FREE STATE—KENTUCKY A SLAVE STATE."

Mr. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, in a pamphlet, published the same year, and on the same subject, draws the following comparison between Virginia and New-York:

"In 1790, Virginia, with 70,000 square miles of territory, contained a population of 749,308. New-York, upon a surface of 45,658 square miles, contained a population of 344,120. This statement exhibits, in favor of Virginia, a difference of 24,242 square miles of territory, and 408,188 in population; which is the *double* of New-York, and 68,600 more. In 1830, after a race of forty years, Virginia is found to contain 1,211,405 souls, and New-York 1,918,608; which exhibits a difference, in favor of New-York, of 607,203. The increase, on the part of Virginia, will be perceived to be 463,187, starting from a basis more than double as large as that of New-York. The increase of New-York, upon a basis of 340,120, has been 1,578,391 human beings. Virginia has increased in a ratio of 61 per cent.; and New-York, in that of 566 per cent.

The total amount of property in Virginia, under the assessment of 1838, was $211,930,508. The aggregate value of real and personal property in New York, in 1839, was $654,000,000; exhibiting an excess in New-York over Virginia, of capital, of $442,069,492.

Statesmen may differ about policy, or the means to be employed in the promotion of the public good; but surely they ought to be agreed as to what prosperity means. I think there can be no dispute that New-York is a greater, richer, a more prosperous and powerful State than Virginia. What has occasioned the difference? . . . . . There is but one explanation of the facts I have shown. The clog that has staid the march of her people, the incubus that has weighed down her enterprise, strangled her commerce, kept sealed her exhaustless fountains of mineral wealth, and paralyzed her arts, manufactures, and improvement, is NEGRO SLAVERY."

These statements were made before the results of the last census were known. By the census of 1840, it appears that in the ten preceding years,

The population of Virginia has increased	26,202
In the same time, the population of New-York increased	710,413
The rate of increase in Virginia was	3.3 per cent.
" " New-York,	33.7 "
Virginia has 12.5 free inhabitants to a square mile.	
New-York, 69.7 " " "	
In 1790, Massachusetts, with Maine, had but	378,717 inhabitants.
" Maryland,	319,728 "
In 1840, Massachusetts alone,	737,699 "
" Maryland,	469,232 "

Now let it be recollected, that Maryland is nearly *double* the size of Massachusetts. In the last, there are 98.3 free inhabitants to the square mile; in the former, only 27.2.

If we turn to the new States, we find that slavery and freedom have the same influence on population as in the old. Take, for instance, Michigan and Arkansas. They came into the Union about the same time:

In 1830, the population of Arkansas was	30,388,	in 1840,	97,574
" Michigan,	31,639,	"	212,267

The ratio of increase of white inhabitants, for the last ten years, has been in Arkansas, at 200 per cent.; in Michigan, 574 per cent. In both instances, the increase has been chiefly owing to imigration; but the ratio shows the influence of slavery in retarding imigration. Compare, also, Alabama and Illinois:

In 1830, the free population of Alabama was	191,975
" " " Illinois,	157,455
Excess in favor of Alabama,	34,520
In 1840, the free population of Illinois,	476,183
" " " Alabama,	337,224
Excess in favor of Illinois,	138,959

We surely need not detain you with farther details on this head, to convince you what an enormous sacrifice of happiness and prosperity you are offering on the altar of slavery. But of the character and extent of this sacrifice, you have as yet had only a partial glimpse. Let us proceed to examine,

II. THE STATE OF EDUCATION IN THE SLAVE STATES.

The maxim that "knowledge is power," has ever more or less influenced the conduct of aristocracies. Education elevates the inferior classes of society, teaches them their rights, and points out the means of enforcing them. Of course, it tends to diminish the influence of wealth, birth, and rank. In 1671, Sir William Berkley, then governor of Virginia, in his answer to the inquiries of the committee of the colonies, remarked, "I thank God, that there are no free schools, nor printing presses, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years."

The spirit of Sir William seems still to preside in the councils of his own Virginia, and to actuate those of the other slave States.

The power of the slaveholders, as we have already showed you, depends on the acquiescence of the major part of the white inhabitants in their domination. It cannot be, therefore, the interest or the inclination of the sagacious and reflecting among them, to promote the intellectual improvement of the inferior class.

In the free States, on the contrary, where there is no caste answering to your slaveholders; where the *people* literally partake in the government; mighty efforts are made for general education; and in most instances, elementary instruction is, through the public liberality, brought within the reach of the children of the poor. You have lamentable experience, that such is not the case where slaveholders bear rule.

But you will receive with distrust whatever *we* may say as to the comparative ignorance of the free and slave States. Examine, then, for yourselves, the returns of the late census on this point. This document gives us the number of white persons over twenty years of age in each State, who cannot read *and* write. It appears that these persons are to the *whole* white population in the several States, as follows, viz:

Connecticut,	1	to every	568
Vermont,	1	"	473
New Hampshire,	1	"	310
Massachusetts,	1	"	166
Maine,	1	"	108
Michigan,	1	"	97
Rhode Island,	1	"	67
New Jersey,	1	"	58
New-York,	1	"	56
Pennsylvania,	1	"	50
Ohio,	1	"	43
Indiana,	1	"	18
Illinois,	1	"	17

country be oppressed by a general torpor. Hence, multitudes will be without regular and profitable employment, and be condemned to poverty and numberless privations. The very advertisements in your newspapers, show that for a vast proportion of the comforts and conveniences of life, you are dependent on northern manufacturers and mechanics. You both know and feel that slavery has rendered labor disgraceful among you; and where this is the case, industry is necessarily discouraged. The great staple of the South is cottoo; and we have no desire to undervalue its importance. It, however, is worthy of remark, that its cultivation affords a livelihood to only a small proportion of the free inhabitants; and scarcely to any of those we are now addressing. Cotton is the product of slave labor, and its profits at home are confined almost exclusively to the slaveholders. Yet, on account of this article, we hear frequent vaunts of the agricultural riches of the South. With the exception of cotton, it is difficult to distinguish your agricultural products arising from slave, and from free labor. But admitting, what we know is not the fact, that *all* the other productions of the soil are raised *exclusively* by free labor, we learn from the census that the agricultural products of the North exceed those of the South, cotton excepted, $226,219,714. Here, then, we have an appalling proof of the paralyzing influence of slavery on the industry of the whites.

In every community a large portion of the inhabitants are debarred from drawing their maintenance directly from the cultivation of the earth. Other and lucrative employments are reserved for them. If the slaveholders chiefly engross the soil, let us see how you are compensated by the encouragement afforded to mechanical skill and industry.

In 1839 the secretary of the treasury reported to Congress, that the tonnage of vessels built in the United States was 120,988
Built in the slave States and territories, 23,600
Or less than one-fifth of the whole! But the difference is still more striking, when we take into consideration the comparative *value* of the shipping built in the two regions;
In the free States the value is $6,311,805
In the slave do. 704,291*
It would be tedious and unprofitable to compare the results of the different branches of manufacture carried on at the North and the South. It is sufficient to state that according to the census the value of the manufactures
In the free States are $334,139,690
In the slaves States, 83,935,742
Having already compared Ohio and Kentucky in reference to population and education, we will pursue the comparison as to agricultural and mechanical industry. On account of contiguity, and similarity of extent, soil, and climate, no two States can perhaps be so aptly contrasted for the purpose of illustrating the influence of slavery. It should also be borne in mind that Kentucky can scarcely be called a cotton State, having in 1840 raised only 607,456lbs. of that article. Hence the deficiency of agricultural and other products in Kentucky arises not from a peculiar species of cultivation, but solely from the withering effects of slavery.

	Ohio.	Kentucky.
Wool,	3,685,315lbs.	1,786,842
Wheat,	16,571,661 bushels,	4,803,152
Hay,	1,022,037 tons,	88,306
Fulling mills,	205	5
Printing offices,	159	34
Tanneries,	862	387
Commercial houses in foreign trade,	53	5
Value of machinery manufactured,	$875,731	$46,074

In one species of manufacture the South apparently excels the North, but unfortunately, it is in appearance only. Of 9,657 distilleries in the United States, no less than 7,665 are found in the slave States, and territories; but for want of skill and capital, these yield fewer gallons than the other 1,992.

Where there is so much ignorance and idleness, we may well suppose that the inventive faculties will be but little exercised; and accordingly we find that of the 495 patents granted for new inventions in 1841, only 70 were received by citizens of the slave States. We have thus, fellow-citizens, offered you the testimony of figures as to the different state of society under freedom and slavery: suffer us now to present you pictures of the two regions, drawn not by abolitionists, but by southern artists, in unguarded hours. Mr. Clowney, of South Carolina, thus portrayed his native State, in the ardor of debate on the floor of Congress:

"Look at South Carolina now, with her houses deserted and falling to decay, her once fruitful fields worn out and abandoned for want of timely improvement, or skillful cultivation; and her thousands of acres of inexhaustible lands still promising an abundant harvest to the *industrious* husbandman, lying idle and neglected. In the interior of the State, where I was born, and where I now live, although a country possessing all the advantages of soil, climate and health, abounding in arable land, unreclaimed from the first rude state of nature, there can now be found many neighborhoods where the population is too sparse to support a common elementary school for children. Such is the deplorable condition of one of the oldest members of this Union, that dates back its settlement more than a century and a half, while other States, born as it were but yesterday, already surpass what Carolina is or ever has been in the happiest and proudest day of her prosperity."

This gentleman chose to attribute the decline of South Carolina to the tariff; rather than to the obvious cause, that one half of the PEOPLE of South Carolina, are poor, ignorant, degraded SLAVES, and the other half suffering in all their faculties and energies from a moral pestilence, which they insanely regard as a blessing and not a curse. Surely it is not owing to the tariff, that in this ancient member of the Union, 20,615 white citizens, over 20 years of age, do not know their letters; while Maine, with double her population, has only 3,241.

Now look upon a very different picture. Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, not long since delivered a speech at Columbia in reference to a proposed railroad. In this speech, in order to stimulate the efforts of the friends of the road, he indulged in the following strain.:

"No southern man can journey (as he had lately done) through the northern States, and witness the prosperity, the industry, the public spirit which they exhibit—the sedulous cultivation of all those arts by which life is rendered comfortable and respectable; without feelings of deep sadness and shame as he remembers *his own neglected and desolate home*. There, no dwelling is to be seen abandoned—not a farm uncultivated. Every person and everything performs a part toward the grand result; and the whole land is covered with fertile fields, with manufactories, and canals, and railroads, and edifices, and towns, and cities. We of the South are mistaken in the character of these people when we think of them only as pedlars in horn flints and bark nutmegs. Their energy and enterprise are directed to all objects great and small, within their reach. The number of railroads and other modes of expeditious intercommunication knit the whole country into a closely compacted mass, through which the productions of commerce and of the press, the comforts of life and the means of knowledge, are universally diffused; while the close intercourse of travel and of business makes all neighbors, and promotes a common interest and a common sympathy. How different the condition of these things in the South! *Here*, the face of the country wears the aspect of premature old age and decay. NO IMPROVEMENT IS SEEN GOING ON; nothing is done for posterity. No man thinks of anything beyond the present moment."

Yet this same Mr. Preston, thus sensitively alive to the superior happiness and prosperity of the free States, declared in the United States Senate, "Let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina, if we can catch him we will try him, and notwithstanding all the interference of all the governments of the earth, including the federal government we will HANG him."† In other words the slaveholders, rather than part with their slaves, are ready to murder with all the formalities of law, the very men who are laboring to confer on them the envied blessings of the North.

* See American Almanac, for 1843, page 153.
† We are well aware that Mr. Preston has denied what no one asserted, that he had said an abolitionist if he came into South Carolina, would be executed by lynch law. He used the words we have quoted. (See New-York Journal of Commerce, January 6th, 1838.

To be continued.

From the Malta Times.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY AT TUNIS.

Amidst the conflicting interests of mankind, it is pleasing, it is gratifying, to meet with cases that seem to realize the most sanguine ideas which the warmest philanthropist could imagine or hope for. Triumphs of parties, and victories in the field, may, and indeed do, afford a transitory satisfaction, reflect glory on individual character, or raise a country to the highest pitch of power. But real good is handed down to us in the purity of its original element, in those few measures only where the great, the fundamental principles, which link man to man, are interested, where *good* is sought for its own sake. Such principles would seem to be attendant on a high degree of civilization, as well as the fruit of national greatness, prosperity, and instruction. Thus we perceive England interfering betwixt master and slave, giving freedom to the negroes of her colonies, and impressing on other nations the duty of emancipating theirs.

But when we see a prince of Barbary, struggling against the prejudices of his people to adopt measures far beyond even their comprehension; when he, without compulsion, turns to the negro, and says, "Rise, thy generation shall be free!" he certainly does what philanthropy could not have expected of him—he does more than fullfil his mission.

It was in April, 1841, that he began the great work of the emancipation of the slaves in his dominions, in a manner which reflects equal honor on Sir Thomas Reade, her majesty's agent and consul-general at his court. The consul took upon himself at that time to lay before the bey of Tunis some striking observations upon slavery, which operated so powerfully on his highness's mind, that he, without hesitation, replied he should give an answer as soon as possible.

Sir T. Reade had not retired an hour from his presence, when he received a letter from the bey, announcing that his highness had actually prohibited any further importation or exportation of slaves by sea. This was the first step taken in the affair, to prepare the spirit of his people for any further measures which could be consistent with the limited circumstances of the Tunisian treasury; and the sensation which it created on both the Mussulman and Christian population, was only surpassed by the bey yielding again to the consul's suggestions, and prohibiting the public sale of slaves in the market; which he even rendered impracticable, by causing the market to be pulled down, that had for centuries been the resort of all the slave merchants coming from the interior, to traffic in human flesh and blood, —where the husband had been separated from his wife to be driven in servitude—where the mother had often seen her children torn from her bosom, and her tears been answered by the imprecations of her master.

Some months were considerately passed to conciliate the public spirit with measures which, had they been taken suddenly, would have troubled the regency with discontent, and perhaps shaken it with rebellion and bloodshed. But as soon as the proper time was matured, another measure was again propounded by the consul, and adopted by the bey. The introduction of men of color, under any pretext, from the interior, was declared illegal, and any negro thus imported, after the date of the proclamation, was to be considered absolutely free.

Seeing the small income of the bey, many persons had already pronounced that his highness's efforts could not be extended to any further lengths. But what is impossible to a firm mind, and what can resist perseverance?

The bey has ultimately issued a proclamation to the authorities under him, ordering *that all negroes who shall be born after the 8th of December*, 1842, *shall be free, and considered and treated as any other Mussulmans.*

That this will be the *coup-de-grace* to slavery in these parts, no person who has any knowledge of Mohammedanism can doubt.

It is an invariable custom to liberate slaves, either on the births, and marriages, or on the death of some member of their families; and there have been frequent examples of rich Moors liberating from twenty to thirty slaves at a time, on such occasions.

At the beginning of the affair, his highness, the bey, declared all the negroes who might be in his service, entirely free, and his ministers have respectively followed his example.

Any new supply of negroes, either by land or by sea, being against the law, the number which now exists will in the course of a few years be no more. Thus we may say, *that slavery has already been extirpated in the Tunisian dominions*, and thus, what has cost years of labor, what has resisted in England the vigorous strokes of the eloquence of Burke, of Windham, and of Wilberforce, has been executed within fifteen months by her majesty's consul, with a Mussulman prince, in a Mussulman country. The same passions which then agitated the opposers of the abolition of slavery in the British colonies, may be supposed to exist with double force amongst the Moors; because their customs, and, more than all, their *religion* sanctions it. And the same motives which have withheld the blessing of liberty from the French slaves at Algiers, to this day, may be supposed to have been discussed at the bey's councils. But they were disregarded, and the firm character of his highness once turned to the noble undertaking, gave action to what former governments, would have thought it harsh and bold even to propose in mere theory.

As it is the case in all honorable actions that every one would wish to be a sharer in the deed, the French consul appeared to be suddenly seized by a fit of philanthropy, and the transactions of the Anti-Slavery Society of Paris seemed to hint that he also could claim a part in the measures which were being taken. This, however, was disproved, and the undivided honor of the measures remained, as far as regards the diplomatic agents, with her Britannic majesty's consul-general.

Thus the bey may look to Europe for admiration, and say to those States where slavery is still acknowledged—*follow my example!* But he may thank England for sending such consuls as Sir Thomas Reade, who, *without orders*, without even a hint to authorize him in the undertaking, has found in himself influence enough to kindle in the bey's bosom the dormant sentiments of sympathy, which have produced such happy effects. And we have no hesitation in saying, that these are the cases which ought to call forth the attention and united acknowledgments of all societies which have for their object the encouragement of actions like these.

It would be great injustice if we were to lose this opportunity of execrating the system of slavery in the United States of America. This is a Christian country—the people who inhabit it profess to worship that God who requires of us "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us." These people profess to be "a model republic," to be *free* and enlightened citizens, but where greater atrocities are perpetrated against the most manifest law of justice and humanity, than in any country in the world.

We conclude by reminding our readers of the obligations which we owe his highness, the bey of Tunis, for being the first prince of Africa who has declared slavery to be a crime, and in an age when Christians continue to hold man as property, to be bought and sold, liberated slaves as an immediate consequence of that noble, that just, that humane declaration—and, by exhorting them to support his highness, to the utmost of their power, in consolidating his authority over the improving destinies of Northern Africa.

Tunis, Dec. 15th, 1842.

From the Liberator.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE PARENT SOCIETY IN NEW-YORK.

To the Abolitionists of Massachusetts in particular, and of New-England generally, who are friendly to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

DEAR FRIENDS—The time for holding the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the city of New-York, is rapidly approaching; and as it will be an occasion of signal importance to our glorious enterprise, it is earnestly hoped that you will not be sparing of your money or labor to ensure a full attendance of delegates, well qualified by their clear discernment, intelligent zeal, and moral intrepidity, to devise the best measures for giving vigor and efficiency to the operations of the parent society during the ensuing year. Important arrangements are to be made respecting the Standard, the Anti-Slavery Depository, and the society itself, which will require much deliberation on the part of the meeting. It is true, the present pecuniary embarrassments of the country,—affecting all clases, as they do, even the humblest individual,—are unfavorable to as numerous a gathering of the friends of the cause at New-York, as might be convened under other circumstances; but as those embarrassments chiefly arise from the blighting effects of slavery on the industry and morals of the nation, abolitionists should be the last to forego the opportunity of hastening the downfall of that frightful system, on account of their pecuniary situation. Though it will not be practicable for every abolitionist to command either the time or the money to attend this anniversary, yet it will be perfectly easy for almost every town in this commonwealth to be represented at New-York, by one or more delegates, provided our anti-slavery friends in that town will generously combine to pay the expenses of such a delegation, which would amount to a very trifling sum individually, and which they ought cheerfully to do. It is hoped that an arrangement may yet be made, by which a large number of delegates may be carried from this city to New-York, and return back again, at a much lower price than the ordinary fare. Should this prove to be the case, due notice will be given of it. In order that it may be carried into effect, all those who intend going to New-York in May, and who would wish to avail themselves of this cheap conveyance, whether they are in or out of this commonwealth, are requested to forward their names to the Anti-Slavery Depository, 25 Cornhill, without delay.

We take the liberty respectfully to suggest to such of our anti-slavery coadjutors as intend to be present at the anniversary, the importance of confining their attention and labors to the necessities of our enterprise, and not allowing these to be diverted from their strict application by the claims of any other enterprise or association, however interesting it may be deemed, during the brief time allotted for anti-slavery purposes, on that occasion. Doubtless, there will be numerous meetings held in the city of New-York, during the anniversary week, for various laudable purposes, either of inquiry or action, which it would be gratifying to attend; but it behooves abolitionists, who stand before the world as the sole hope of enslaved millions for a bloodless deliverance, and on whom rest such heavy responsibilities, especially at this crisis, not to allow themselves to be diverted from steadily pursuing their enterprise, until its end be effected—the ushering in of the day of jubilee.—It is hoped, therefore, that the business meeting of the parent society will secure the undivided attendance, and absorb the attention of all its friends, during the three days which will probably be devoted to devising ways and means for giving a new impetus to the car of universal freedom.

In behalf of the board of managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,
FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Cor. Sec.*
Boston, April 7, 1843.

Communications.

A VERY INTERESTING STORY OF OPPRESSION.

OHIO, February, 1843.

I have long felt a deep interest in the past history and future destiny of the Africans and American Indians. I once resided, with my family, in the western prairies, Laporte county, Indiana. The Potawatimie and Miami tribes were then roaming their native forests, in the midst of singing birds and sweet flowers. I often met companies of them in the woods, and along the prairie paths, and as I understood many words of their language, I often stopped to converse with them. They frequently called at our house, to barter wild fruits and berries for other articles, and I always made it a point to treat them very kindly. From my knowledge of them, most cordially do I unite with the sentiment expressed in the Standard, that "these, too, would bow like little children before the persuasive power of Christian love." I know not how they look in a war dance; for I never happened to witness one; but when their countenances wear the look of peace, there is something peculiarly pleasant in being within the sphere of their radiation.

I often used to pass one of the Indian burying-grounds, situated on a rising ground, in what the people call "barrens," or "oak openings;" places where the woods are free from undergrowth. There was no habitation of men near, and the surrounding scenery was solitary and dreary. Many of the tombs were entirely above-ground, constructed of the trunks of small trees, after the manner of log cabins. Some of these had decayed, and left the bones to bleach in the open air. I often turned aside to meditate in this consecrated spot of ground. It seemed to me I could think better thoughts, and breathe softer prayers there, than in most other places. Around the graves was a circle trodden hard and smooth, where the friends of the departed had met together with songs and dances around their honored dead. I ventured to extract one of the loose teeth from its socket, and I keep it as a memento of the spirit that once dwelt in those bones. I did not deem it sacrilege; for those teeth and bones formed no part of the real man, who was once enclosed in them. He has gone to the world of spirits, and may, perhaps, be penetrating deep into green forests, or sitting in his light bark, floating over the rivers, in search of wisdom and happiness.

I have lately been introduced to a very intelligent and interesting young man, whose mother was a full-blooded Cherokee. He showed me a very interesting letter from her, and several from his sisters; one of which brought tidings of his mother's death, and enclosed a lock of her hair, fine, black, and glossy, and beautifully braided. He kept it very carefully, in several envelopes of paper. His name is James Fisher. He has suffered shameful treatment from the people in Alabama, and was thereby induced to seek warmer hearts in a colder climate. He told me his story, with liberty to publish it when I was sure that he was safe in Victoria's dominions. Here it is, as he told it to me. V. NICHOLSON.

NARRATIVE OF JAMES FISHER.

I was born in Nashville, Tenn. October, 1817. My mother's name was Mary Davis. Though an unmixed Cherokee Indian, she was kept in slavery all her life. My father's name was Thomas Fisher. He fled from bondage when I was a small child. They pursued, but never caught him. I have one brother, who, the last I knew, was living near Mobile, claimed as an article of property. I have two sisters in Nashville, both free women. I saw them as I came up. My mother was a very industrious woman. By washing and ironing, she earned money enough to buy herself for $500. After that, she paid $800 to the widow Stump, for my sister Ellen; and some time after, she contracted with Dick Perry for my sister Elizabeth. He asked $600, and she contrived, by hard labor and close saving, to make up the sum. This made $1,900 that she paid for the freedom of herself and children from a system of oppression and cruelty. She was extremely anxious to have all her children free. At the time of her death, she was working hard to raise money to buy me. My sisters wrote me that she talked a great deal about me during her sickness; saying she hoped to meet me in heaven, if she was never permitted to see me on earth again.

She was one of a company of twelve Indian children taken prisoners in the time of the last war, and sold into slavery; *a practice not uncommon among those who deal with the Indians.* After my mother had bought herself and sister Ellen, there was a suit brought in favor of some of the others, who had been taken with her; and they were proved to be Indians, and set at liberty. My mother consulted a lawyer, named Grundy, to know if her children could not likewise be proved free. He told her it would cost more money to carry on the suit, than it would to buy the whole of them. This discouraged her, and she gave it up.

When I was in my fifteenth year, the widow Stump sold me to a man who kept a boarding-house in New Orleans, by the name of Shawl. He paid $500 for me, and I lived with him, as a house-servant, for four years. He was a drinking man, and when he was in liquor, sometimes abused me cruelly. When he came sober, he never seemed to know he had done anything wrong. I endured the abuse as well as I could, and laid by every sixpence, in hopes of finding a chance to escape from suffering. For fifty silver dollars, I bought free papers of a colored man, whose name I will not mention; and believing I had as good a right as other people to choose where I would go, I left my master on the 7th of July, 1838, and went on board the ship Hercules, bound for Philadelphia. When the custom-house officers came to search the vessel, they pronounced my papers good. As soon as Mr. Shawl missed me, he made diligent inquiry, and a colored man told him he had seen me on board the Hercules. So he came by steamboat straight up to Wheeling, and from there to Philadelphia; and when we landed a little below the city, behold there he was, ready to grab me again. They told me the captain of the Hercules paid two hundred dollars to compromise matters with him; though I don't know why he should, for I am sure he did not know but I was free. I was hurried off to Newcastle, where I lay in jail seven days. Then he took me to Baltimore. He was going to put me in jail again, but I promised not to try to escape; so he locked me up in a room, and hired two men to watch me. I can never describe what a desire I felt for liberty on that occasion. I said everything I could think of to the men, to persuade them to let me escape. Mr. Shawl had left a trunk of clothes in the room, containing a bag full of five-dollar gold pieces. I heard him say there was about $1,300. I offered to break open the trunk, and divide the money between them, if they would only let me go; but I could neither persuade nor hire them to befriend me. When dogs are in a skirmish, I have noticed that every new comer is apt to fall on the poor dog that is down, without stopping to consider whether he is to blame or not; and I have sometimes felt that it was so with men. While they were taking me from Delaware to Baltimore, I planned to escape when the boat landed; but Mr. Shawl frustrated my design, by locking my arm in his, and walking out of the boat in that style, as if he really loved me. Thus, much against my will, I was taken back to New Orleans, where I remained in prison twelve weeks, waiting for my master to have a good chance to sell me. He ordered me to receive two floggings, one with a big driver's whip, and one with a paddle. I suffered terribly while undergoing these unmerciful whippings. All the food we were allowed in prison was a small portion of boiled corn, and a little scrap of boiled beef's head, without salt or seasoning. The keeper used to send to the slaughter-house and get the heads of beeves for twelve and a half cents each. There were fifty of us, and he would throw into the prison kettles seven or eight old beef's heads, and one and a half bushels of Indian corn, for the whole of us. Cheap and unsavory as was this food, we were not allowed to have enough of it to satisfy the gnawings of hunger. While I was there, several persons died in consequence of the cruel beatings they received; and some were thrust in who had already been so abused, that they soon died. If I were to tell half the cruelties and abominations practised in that prison, during the twelve weeks I remained, I am certain that many people could not believe I kept within the bounds of truth.

At last, Mr. Shawl came with a gentleman by the name of Gamble, a commission merchant, who belonged to Athens, Alabama. He asked me if I was willing to go and live with him. I told him I would go anywhere, rather than stay there. So I went with him; but at the end of four months, he failed in business, and his property was all seized, myself among other articles, and about to be sold. Rather than risk the chance of being sold into the rice swamps or cotton fields, I concluded again to try the experiment of traveling. So one night I took one of Mr. Gamble's best horses, and set off for Nashville, to consult with my mother and sisters what I had better do. I swam the horse over Elk river, which divides the States of Alabama and Tennessee. This made me very chilly, but I rode on till morning, when I came near some little children, who were set to watch a gap in the fence. They had a fire by the road, to keep them warm; and I stopped to dry my wet clothes. At two o'clock, I stopped again, to rest and feed the horse. After eating some dinner, I started again, and traveled all night. At one place, the toll-gate was shut, and the keeper demanded why I was traveling so late. I told him I had received news that my wife was dangerously ill at Franklin, and I was in a great hurry to get there. He approved the motive, and I passed without difficulty. The horse was very much fatigued, and frequently wanted to stop. I got asleep on his back, several times; but I would soon wake, and urge him on, for I did not dare to stop. Just before daylight, I reached Nashville. Mother was so delighted to see me, that she could hardly speak; but she could not bear the thought of my having run away. In the first place, she was afraid I would be caught and dreadfully abused; and even if I did succeed in getting to Canada, it would be such a weary way from her, that it would be almost like having me die. After long and earnest consultation, she thought it would be best to have me legally taken up, and she would bail me out of jail in the sum of one thousand dollars. She addressed a letter to Mr. Gamble, informing him where I was, and proposing to buy me. Instead of writing an answer, he came to Nashville, and urged me to go back with him. I was not willing to return, for I longed inexpressibly for liberty, and mother was trying to raise money to buy me. In the midst of this dilemma, my old master, Mr. Shawl, came to Nashville, with an execution to be served on me, as Mr. Gamble's property, to satisfy some old unsettled claim. But he lost his suit, because Judge Lane, of Nashville, had a mortgage on me, and came to Nashville to secure me. Here were three gentlemen who left their business and their homes to hasten to Nashville, merely because I had taken a fancy to visit the place. There was quite a squabble among them, who should have me; and all this time, mother was trying with all her might to buy me. At last, I was very unwillingly obliged to go to Huntsville with Judge Lane, as house-servant, coachman, &c. The judge promised to use me well, and let me visit my mother once a year. She advised me to try and content myself, assuring me that she would spare no pains to get me honorably free. However, I had serious doubts whether my poor old mother would ever be able to comply with the rigid terms Judge Lane exacted. I, therefore, thought it wise to learn to write, in case opportunity should offer to write myself a pass. I copied every scrap of writing I could find, and thus learned to write a tolerable hand before I knew what the words were that I was copying. At last, I met with an old man, who, for the sake of money to buy whisky, agreed to teach me the writing alphabet, and set me copies. I spent a good deal of time trying to improve myself; secretly, of course. One day, my mistress happened to come into my room, when my materials were about; and she told her father (old Capt Davis) that I was learning to write. He replied, that if I belonged to him, he would cut my right hand off. After that, he sometimes talked to me an hour at a time, to convince me that I was better off than I should be if I was free. He said slaves were better off than their masters, much better off than the free colored people, and vastly better off than they would have been if left in the wilds of Africa; because there they fought, killed, and ate each other. But here, said he, masters are bound by law to provide well for you, and will be punished if they do not do it. He told me that the reason why they murdered and devoured one another in Africa, was because there were no white people there to make them behave themselves.

Judge Lane was circuit judge of several of the counties where he lived. He was what would be called a kind master; but he did not let me go to see my mother, as he had promised; nor did he let me know, that she had written several letters to him, trying to buy me. I will give an extract from the last letter my dear mother ever wrote to me. The reader can imagine that some pangs shot through my heart, on reading it. "Dear Son, I am very sorry to learn from Judge Lane's letter, which I received yesterday, that it is impossible for me to free you, under any circumstances whatever; unless I can comply with paying the full amount of money that he gave for you, and that all down. He also informs me that he could not do without you, and would not hire you out under any circumstances. Therefore, I wish you to remain with him, and try to make yourself contented; for I am not at present able to raise that amount. I have come to the conclusion to move to Memphis, at which place I think I can get along better than here. My object will still be to accumulate money enough, by some future time, to accomplish the design. I want you to try and content yourself till I can find means to rescue you from bondage. Write often, and let me know how you are coming on."

I heard no more from my mother, till I received the following from sister Ellen, enclosing a lock of our mother's hair: "Respected Brother, our best friend is gone. I have lost my mother. Lost in sorrow, I scarcely know where to look, or what to ask. Thank God, I have a brother and sister living; and to them I must look more than I have done heretofore. Sister Elizabeth is with me. She got here two days and a half before mother left us. She, poor girl, is much distressed, and like me, wishes very much to see you. Mother died at Memphis, of congestive fever. She had her senses, and charged Elizabeth and I to live together like Christians. Mother's funeral sermon was preached in the Methodist church. Great respect was shown by the white citizens; for she was very much respected and beloved by all who knew her. Father and the two children are at Memphis, and I am in hopes we may all soon come together, and live according to the dying words of mother; and so farewell."

Not long after, I received a letter from my stepfather, who was residing at Memphis. He wanted me to propose to my master to let me hire my time, in order to purchase myself. He said if I could get this permission, he would furnish me with a horse and dray, and render me whatever assistance he could, to make money enough to pay my master for my time. When I spoke to Judge Lane about it, he asked me if I was dissatisfied with living with him. I told him I would as soon live with him in the condition of a slave, as with anybody; but that I wanted to get an opportunity to work for my own benefit. "If you had your freedom, you would not be so well off as you are now," said he. "I have all the trouble of planning and thinking for myself and all the rest of you." I told him I greatly wished to relieve him from the task of thinking for *me*. I should much prefer to think for myself. He smiled, and said I was a fool.

Twelve days after this, my master had occasion to go to Mobile. When he started, he charged me to mind whatever Mrs. Lane told me, and when he came back I should go to visit my relations. My mistress was naturally irritable, and crabbed; and before master had been gone three days, she ordered her brother, Nicholas Davis, (a young man about eighteen, who boarded there to attend school,) to give me a flogging. He came into the kitchen, and struck me on the arm with the edge of a heavy board. In a sudden flash of anger, I snatched it out of his hand, pushed him up against the wall, and choked him a little. He ran and told his sister I had nearly killed him. She was about to send for an officer to take me to jail; but he told her not to do it, for he had done wrong to strike me as he did, and he was sorry for it. Then she sent a servant to tell old Captain Davis, her father, that Jim was driving them all off the place, and he must come the next morning to flog him. The old captain had often expressed a wish to get a chance to give me a good thrashing. He was noted for severity to his servants. It was said that he had killed a man named Reuben, and a woman named Rachel, by excessive beating. He had lately struck, with a large club, a poor old man, who used to tend him when a baby; the blow raised a large knot on the side of his head, which remained the last I knew, and hurt the poor old man so badly, that he could hardly get about. He had a very big whip, which he called "the negro ruler;" and he made it a point to conquer or kill every one he undertook to flog. I was not willing to fall into the hands of this old tyrant. He was sent for on Sunday morning; and as soon as I got my kitchen work done that day, I set myself to writing passes, till I got one that suited me. It was a permission to go to Nashville and stay two weeks, signed with my mistress' name. In the evening, I went to the stage-office, and asked the landlord if I could take passage to Nashville the next morning. He demanded my pass. I showed it, telling him that mistress was not much used to writing passes for the servants, and she wished him to look at it, and see if it was correct; if not, he would please to send it back again, and she would alter it as he said; but that mistress wanted him to write her a few lines about it. He wrote accordingly; I went back to my room, read the note, and burned it. I then went back to the tavern, and paid my passage to Nashville. The next morning, I rose before anybody was astir, carried my trunk to the stage-office, and hurried back to prepare breakfast for the family. I had just sent it in, when I heard the stage-horn. I run up to the tavern, and found the stage just starting to come to the house for me. I jumped in, and in four days was safely landed in Nashville. I staid two days with my sisters, and then left them, saying I was going to see my stepfather, at Memphis. I did not give them any hint that I was "flying from the wrath to come."

I wrote myself another pass, pretending to be the slave of a man by the name of Jones. When I went to the wharf, to take passage to Smithfield, the captain asked if I was free. I told him no. He demanded my pass, and I gave it to him; so I paid my fare, and went on board. At Smithfield I boarded at fifty cents a week, trying all the captains to get a passage up to Louisville. None of them would allow me to come on board, unless I could bring some white man with me, who knew me. Ten days rolled away, and I was almost discouraged. At last I stepped up to a white man, who had spoken with me several times at the house where I boarded. I told him a fair story, and asked him to go on board with me. He looked sharp at me, and said, "I reckon you can't be a runaway, or you would'nt be staying here so bold." I told him he need'nt feel the least afraid; that I was trying to get service as a cook in a steamboat, and I had waited so long, my money was most gone. So he went with me and told the captain he did'nt think there would be any danger in taking me. The boat stopped awhile at Louisville. I went on board several other boats, and then went back to the captain, and told him as I could'nt get a birth to suit me, I should like to pay my fare as far as Cincinnati, if he was willing. He said, "Very Well." So I went on to Cincinnati; and there I found friends both colored and white, who astonished me by their kindness. They all seemed to think that my own title to myself was much better than that of Judge Lane, or any other man. When I find myself safely landed in Victoria's snowy garden of liberty, I may perhaps send some messages to my old oppressors, who used to claim me as property.

P. S. Judge Lane holds an Indian woman, with her six children, as slaves. She is of the Creek nation, and her name is Susan. He bought her of Mr. Tanner, of Athens, about twenty-five miles from Huntsville. She is noted for being the neatest hand to wash and iron, that was ever in that part of the country. When I first went to live with the judge, Mrs. Lane used to be often teasing him to buy Susan for her; but he replied that Mr. Tanner had not a good bill of sale; she was a full-blooded Creek Indian, and that if a suit at law should ever be brought, she would be set free. However, Mrs. Lane at last persuaded him to buy Susan, on condition that Mr. Tanner should refund the money, if she was ever declared free. He paid $2,500 for her and her six children. Mr. Tanner charged them never to strike her, for she had a real Indian temper, and would'nt bear it. I once saw Judge Lane whip her daughter Sarah. Susan walked up to him, and told him to stop. He was in a rage, and turned to strike her; but the moment he raised the whip, she sprung at him with a knife in her hand, and tried to stab it into his heart. He ran out of the back-door, and kept out of her sight till her anger had grown cool. He never after attempted to strike her. They all had to speak very kind and loving to her; if they did'nt, she would'nt mind 'em.

When the Creek Indians were removed to Arkansaw, by order of the government, they went past the house where we lived. Susan went out, with some of the other servants, to look at them. The moment they looked at her, they knew she belonged to their tribe. They stopped, and gathered round her, and made signs for her to go with them. She could not understand their language; but they pointed to her and her children, and then at their women and children, and then along the road they were traveling. They took one of her children and carried it some distance, and we had trouble to get it away from them. Susan would have gone with her tribe, but Judge Lane stood by all the time, and pleaded hard with her not to go. He told her the Indians ate raw meat, and were often nearly starved, and many other frightful stories: until she gave up to stay.

I have often heard her tell how she came to be a slave. A blacksmith, by the name of Jeremiah Taylor, went among the Creek nation, to work for them at smithing. Susan's mother, a poor woman, gave her to the blacksmith's wife to raise, when she was a little girl; and she became so much attached to the family, that when they left the tribe, she went with them. She says that Mrs. Taylor always told her she would be free, when she was a woman; but before that time arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor both died. Their son John sold Susan, and she has been a slave ever since.

"I HAVE NO INFLUENCE."

To all who make use of this excuse, I would say, "It is time you had!" That one expression of listless apathy and indifference falls like a cold shower-bath upon every effort for moral reform, and exerts an *influence*, though slowly, yet more *surely* poisonous than the most bitter opposition. That human soul must be in a lethargy, which cannot be aroused to activity, in one way or another, by the oft-repeated calls of *truth*. In proportion as the evil and false have gained an abiding place in the heart, is the resistance which the good and true must ever meet, as they attempt to flow in. We may well gaze in anxious expectation, when we behold two conflicting powers, like good and evil, struggling alternately for mastery in the soul; and in deep sorrow may we deprecate the condition of that woman, who has "no influence" with the loved ones of her infancy and childhood. If she has influence that may extend to *them*, the magic circle widens and widens, until it is "fixed to no peculiar spot," and is circumscribed by no earthly bounds. So long as we have any influence over our own individual evils, so long have we the same over those of our neighbor. And he is our neighbor, who is hungry, or naked, poor, or in prison. But we may never obey the explicit command of our Lord, to *visit* the imprisoned, if we content ourselves with the mere *knowledge* of a truth; suffering it to act as an anodyne upon all the moral energies of our nature, without the consideration that we are in *possession* of it only, as it becomes a *living principle*, pervading and animating the whole sphere around us, from the centre to the circumference.

If the silliest woman in the land, (to the everlasting shame of our men, be it said,) may, by the choice selection of a pretty ribbon, the last *mode Francaise* for a dress, weave a spell like that between the irresistible colors of the snake and its fascinated victim, what might not woman do, if elevated above the paltry trifles of a passing moment? May they come out of their slavery, and cast aside the chain, on every link of which is inscribed, "I have no influence;" and may they go forth, free as the mountain winds, to wage war with all national evils, as they successively rise; evils, that they shall then, by the light of eternal truth, behold as the foes of their own household. AUGUSTA.

Bath, December 16, 1843.

CAN IT BE TRUE?

The following is from a friend, whose veracity we cannot doubt:

It is an old saying, that "*children* and *fools* will speak the truth." The following facts were narrated to my wife, a few days since, by a very interesting little girl, eleven years old; who, although born at the North, has spent most of her life in and about New Orleans, with her mother, who has been teaching at the South, in private families. She stated that she had seen two or three children, and one man, whipped to death. One of the children was an infant, but two or three months old. Her mistress took the child, because its mother loved it better than she did work, and lashed it to a tree and whipped it, until, to use the little girl's own words, "it gave two or three moans, and died." The other children were older. The man was taken for some slight offense—she knows not what, as she was then quite young—lashed to a tree, and whipped until he was almost dead, and then left, with the dogs to watch him, until he expired; and, as if that was not enough, the murderer suffered his body to remain in the same position, until the flesh had nearly all fallen from his bones. She says she shall never forget how she felt; for the man had always been very kind to her and her mother. Said she, "Such persons can never go to heaven."

I would again ask, *Can these things be true?* I have other facts, communicated by the mother of this little girl, with names, places, &c. implicating persons high in life, and high in the church; but as this lady has just returned to the South, to pursue her teaching, I forbear giving them now. In regard to the cruelties of slavery, "the half has not been told;" and yet, multitudes are crying out, "exaggeration," "falsehood," "it's all a lie," &c. &c. How true it is, that "men choose darkness rather than light," when their deeds are evil.

G.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1843.

COLONIZATION.

A correspondent writes, "I have no faith in the *efficacy* of the colonization scheme, but I have never been able to see the necessary antagonism between that and the greater cause of anti-slavery. Its practicableness, the wisdom of some of its measures, the justice, or mercy, or veracity, of some of its disciples and opinions, may be fairly questioned. But is not this true of anti-slavery, also?"

Had I answered this an hour after I read it, I certainly should not have written so coolly as now; I might have seemed to express a contempt, I did not feel, for those who cannot *see* the antagonism between colonization and anti-slavery. There is no other subject on which it is so hard for me to restrain my natural impulsiveness; for I do loathe colonization, with an inexpressible loathing. Such a brazen-browed, frank-spoken slaveholder as McDuffie, excites my admiration, in comparison with this sleek, sly, fawning villany. The enthusiastic disciples of Fourier admit that he had *one* weakness; *he could not keep patience with hypocrisy.* If this be a weakness, I share it with him. Open sin I find it very easy to forgive; but I cannot tolerate any sort of indirectness. Hence,

therefore I conclude that it bears a family likeness to its ancestry. My correspondent asks whether "it may not open a way for good to Africa?" I will propound two questions, by way of reply. The opium war with China, was it of God, or the Devil? How much good may result from it, by the introduction of Christian missionaries (together with rum and opium) into China? Need it be repeated, that what is false in *principle*, must inevitably be bad in its *results*?

That many, very many, sincere and truly benevolent people have been drawn to favor this wicked scheme, both here and at the South, no one is more ready to admit than myself. I have known not a few such; and have wounded their gentle spirits, by telling them that they were unconsciously doing more harm to the cause of freedom and humanity, than the cruellest slaveholder. Some of them came to see this; others still cling to the delusion.

My correspondent thinks some praise should be awarded to the slaveholder, "who, being unable to manumit his slaves at home, on account of the laws, sends them to Africa." In the first place, there are better places than Liberia to send them. In the British West Indies, their labor is in demand; and the religious, intellectual, and social advantages are much greater than they can be in Africa. In the second place, the laborers have a right to correct information concerning different parts of the world, and to a free choice where they will go. In the third place, who *makes* the laws which prevent the introduction of free labor at home? The slaveholders themselves. Who is to *unmake* them? The slaveholders themselves. If twenty, yea ten, influential men would protest against the laws, giving as a reason, that they were convinced of the superior morality, safety, and prosperity of free labor, and yet could not introduce it, on account of oppressive edicts, the influence would be felt through the whole length and breadth of slavedom. And why has not uneasiness of conscience manifested itself in such contagious examples? Because colonization came to offer its stupifying opiate; quieting consciences by sending a ship load of faithful servants away from home and kindred, and keeping silence about the laws which forever forbid their return. At this rate, when will the laws be any *more* favorable to conscientious masters, and oppressed servants?

Colonization has done more than all other causes put together, to blind the moral vision of the South. The recent letter of Mr. McDonough, to which we alluded in the Standard before last, is a striking proof of this. He really seems unable to see anything dishonest in keeping men, women, and children, at work without wages, for his aggrandizement, and as he confesses, "in need of many little *necessaries of life*, not supplied by their master." He considers it an "honest" proceeding to make them toil fifteen years to purchase themselves; doing for *him* a greater amount of unpaid *labor* than they had ever done before, though always "a well-disposed and orderly people;" and laboring in *extra* hours, before day and after evening, to earn for *him* a sufficient sum of *money* to buy a gang of slaves twice as large. What an impulse this new system must give to the slave trade! Are there no pious young men at the South, who will turn slave traders, for the sake of thus bringing souls to God? Perhaps to ship Africa in and out, in and out, of America, in this way, might prove the best plan of *Christianizing* that benighted continent, and making *large revenues* ourselves, at the same time. The process might perhaps be completed before the earth is swallowed by the sun; and our own Christianity must, in the meantime, reach a high point of sublimation.

Mr. McDonough advises planters, whose lands are worn out, to send their sons to new slave States, and try his plan; assuring them that they will thereby make *large revenues*, and besides this, realize, in the course of fifteen years, more than enough to buy new gangs, by their *extra* labor, under the stimulus of prospective freedom. He piously tells them that "religion must be combined with this plan, and walk hand in hand with it." Perhaps he had the same idea as the French planter, when he said, "It is absolutely necessary that our slaves should be taught religion enough *not to murder their masters*."

And this plan is lauded by colonization journals, as a wonderful specimen of piety and generosity; and the southerner modestly replies, that he considers it mere *honesty!* And the Spirit of Missions eulogizes him, and the Calvinistic Christian Observer quotes him as worthy of example; and the Unitarian Christian World copies the commendation! Alas, colonization has most manifestly done a fearful work in blinding men's eyes to the most obvious principles of equal rights and human brotherhood!

This comes of the idea, so carefully patronized by colonization, that the time and labor, bones and sinews, of one man may be the *property* of another; and that the master has a *right* to dispose of his bondman as best suits his own inclination, or interest. If there be no antagonism between this principle, and that on which anti-slavery is based, then may God in his mercy forgive me, for having expended so much time and energy to advance the latter.—L. M. C.

BLACK JACOB.

In the history of this remarkable man, on the last page, we have another illustration of the miracles that may be wrought by the power of Christian Love. Neglect, contempt, and abuse, made him refractory, self-willed, vicious, and dangerous. As a sailor, he was terribly profane, licentious, and intemperate, and finally left that mode of life because he was so bad that none would employ him. On shore, he became a deliberate murderer, for which the education of his whole life had well prepared him. Yet a truly kind interest in him, manifested by religious people, wrought in him so wonderfully, that he became a humble, prayerful, and holy man. Any allusion to his crimes would make him tremble violently; and he would sometimes say, in tones of the deepest humility, "I do believe my heavenly Father loves me; but how wonderful it is that He should love *me*; I cannot love myself; it seems to me that nobody ever sinned against Him as I have done."

His death was serene and joyful; and if angels were not visible around his couch, they doubtless floated there, to carry his purified spirit to its heavenly home. Who would like to have been the instrument of cutting off this poor fellow in the midst of his crimes? I think it would be hard to find a thoughtful man willing to incur such responsibility, whatever might be his theological belief.

The Baptist Advocate complains that the Democratic Review is very ungentlemanly, because it styles clerical advocates of Capital Punishment "The Hangman's Guard." The title of an article in that Review likewise gives great offense: "The Gallows and the Gospel." As a matter of taste, we do not admire the title; and our reverence for the gospel is somewhat shocked by such foul proximity; but we really cannot discover why the Rev. Dr. Cox, and the Rev. Mr. Cheever, &c. should be disturbed by it. *They* do *not* consider the gallows a foul proximity to holy things. *They* consider it a sacred and God-ordained institution. Impelled by this conviction, they have preached, and prayed, and argued, and written, to sustain the gallows. The New England Puritan recommends the pastors of various orthodox churches to preach sermons on Fast day in defense of the gallows, as "a time-honored and cherished institution."

All this zeal is manifested because they believe that the Bible expressly commands that blood shall be shed for blood, and that this divine command is binding upon man through all ages. We do not intend to speak disrespectfully, or sarcastically, of any man's religious belief; but if the gallows be a God-ordained institution; if the Law commands it, and the Gospel sustains it; and therefore these men feel bound to preach, and pray, and argue, and write, and fast, to preserve it, ought they not to consider it a sacred and honorable office to be "The Hangman's Guard?"

"Instinct is a great matter, Hal." All the theological teaching in the world, be it ever so devoutly believed, cannot make a man willing to be named in the same breath with a hangman, or to have the Gospel, which he reveres, coupled with the gallows. This is a significant fact.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

On the 9th of May, proximo, will assemble in this city, the tenth annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

In bespeaking, for this important occasion, a large attendance from the country, it may not be amiss to survey the field before us, and refer briefly to the most urgent requirements of the time.

After ten years of unremitting warfare upon slavery, we find it still existing, and still characterized by the same atrocious features of cruelty. If it may be said, on the one hand, that our efforts have served little more than to rouse all its hitherto latent energies into active resistance to the truth, it may be well answered on the other, that *that* is a great deal; and if no greater result has been wrought than the exposure of the full powers of the enemy with which we have to cope, there is every reason to maintain the contest, and to assure ourselves of the most ample return for future efforts. But our campaign has been productive of good in much greater degree than this. It has set limits to the power of slavery, and defeated it in many pitched battles. It has roused the spirit of humanity in the non-slaveholding parts of the country, and stationed sentinels on the floor of Congress, and in every northern legislature. Moral conviction of the iniquity of the evil, has spread throughout the land. The fires of conscience have been lighted in the very temples of the great "Diana" *of the Christians*, and beams of truth break in upon the darkness of her benighted worshippers. Let us not claim too much; but for the confirmation and encouragement of any who are disposed to weary with the contest, let it be known, that the spirit of our campaign, crossing the Atlantic as freely as the Potomac, has mingled in council with the philanthropy of England, and shared the happiness of building up a nation of freemen in close proximity to our southern shores.

These are but few of the results which have been achieved by the anti-slavery movement; but enough to show that we have not labored in vain. They of the true faith, need not such assurances as these: being established in the righteousness of our warfare, they flag not in zeal and courage, though outward sense could perceive not one such assurance.

How do we stand in the battle, at this stage? To some purpose, indeed, has slavery become roused. It has greatly possessed itself of the favor and aid of the chief influences of the nation. The patronage of the general government is at its command. The Church has laid hands upon it, and declared that *great is Diana of the Christians!* Of the many ways and forms, in which these conjoint powers act in defense of slavery, there were no end in the telling. By the atrocious sanction of Lynch law—by the most oppressive and unjust enactments, endangering the personal safety and lives of free colored citizens—by abridging the freedom of speech, and of the press—by usurping power over the public mails—by subjecting the best privileges of citizenship to infamous constraints—by violating the faith of treaties, and fomenting wars with the Indian tribes—it is thus that the civil power of the general government is made subservient to the demon of slavery.

And what of the Church—the declared auxiliary of Christianity? To such an extent is the voice of the pulpit silenced on this highest subject of human interest—human liberty, that we are authorized in denouncing it as the most powerful coadjutor of slavery in our country or time. Its influences being more of a social character, and capable of exercise in the most insidious and diverse channels, are therefore more to be feared than the most corrupt forms of civil administration. Its despotism over the thoughts and the spiritual promptings of its subjects, is not less absolute than that which constrains the personal freedom of the southern slave; while to its direct exercise of arbitrary power, it unites a facility in the employment of artifices, to which the most corrupt parties in the State are unequal.

With such formidable enemies in the field, is the present a time, when there should be lack of zeal and courage in our ranks? The battle has thickened around us. It still goes on to accumulate and to concentrate its forces.

Brethren, it is to deliberate on these conditions which surround us—to seek mutual strength and wisdom in council—to devise for future efficiency—in short, it is to discharge the most solemn duties, that you are called to assemble in our approaching annual meeting.

LET THE CALL BE NOT IN VAIN.

No present omissions can be repaired by future regrets. There is a perpetual crisis in the affairs of our time, which demands of us the consecration of our best efforts—which can be answered only by perpetual sacrifice, zeal, and labor. Again, we say, dear friends, *Let the call be not in vain.*—J. S. G.

FREE DISCUSSION SUPPRESSED.

Samuel H. Davis, lately editor of the Register, published in Peoria, Ill. has published, in pamphlet form, his reasons for dissolving all connection with that paper. He states that on the 3d and 10th of February, the following notice appeared in its columns:

"The Peoria Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting in the Main-street Presbyterian church, on Monday evening, the 13th instant, at early candle-lighting, for the purpose of organizing, and electing officers for the ensuing year."

A meeting of citizens was held, in consequence, and the report of their proceedings is as follows:

PEORIA, Feb. 13, 1843.

At a large and respectable public meeting of citizens of Peoria, convened at the court-house in this town, at 3 o'clock, P. M.; on motion of Mr. E. N. Powell, Andrew Gray, esq. was chosen chairman, and John S. Zieber appointed secretary.

Mr. J. M'Coy then moved the adoption of the following preamble and resolution; which was seconded by G. T. Metcalfe, esq.:

Whereas, we have noticed, with extreme regret, an advertisement in the Peoria Register of the 10th February, 1843, in substance as follows: "The Peoria Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting in the Main-street Presbyterian church, on Monday evening, the 13th inst. at early candle-lighting, for the purpose of organizing, and electing officers for the ensuing year." And whereas, we are desirous of expressing our entire disapprobation of the views and principles generally entertained and promulgated by the members and advocates of the said society, believing that the doctrines advocated by them are in direct conflict with the laws and Constitution of the United States, and that their ultimate, if not direct tendency, is to produce discord and disunion between the federal States of this Union, with no possibility of a benefit resulting to those in whose favor their sympathies appear to be enlisted; and that the organization of such society in the town of Peoria, would only tend to disparage and disgrace us as a community, and create domestic and personal difficulties and disorders; therefore,

Resolved, That we will oppose the public organization of any anti-slavery society in the town of Peoria, and that however desirous we may be that this our opposition should be confined to reason and argument alone, yet, in case it shall become necessary, in order to prevent the catastrophe, that force should be used, (how much soever we may regret that necessity,) we shall feel ourselves bound to resort thereto, when all other measures have proved unsuccessful.

On motion of Mr. I. Underhill, it was resolved, that a committee of five be appointed, whose duty it shall be to attend the anti-slavery or abolition meeting referred to in the preceding preamble and resolution, read the same to that meeting, and take such steps as may be deemed proper to carry out the same.

The following named gentlemen were then, by nomination, appointed said committee; viz: I. Underhill, E. N. Powell, C. Cleveland, G. T. Metcalfe, and Henry A. Stillman; and on motion, N. H. Purple was added to the committee.

On motion of N. H. Purple, esq. Resolved, That the citizens of Peoria will attend, *en masse*, at the Main-street Presbyterian church, this evening, and aid the committee to enforce the resolutions of this meeting.

On motion of G. T. Metcalfe, Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Peoria Democratic Press. A. GRAY, *Chairman.*

JOHN S. ZIEBER, *Secretary.*

The abolitionists met, according to the advertisement. The following account of their meeting was drawn up by five gentlemen who participated therein; but it was refused insertion in both the Peoria papers:

"A few weeks since, a number of the citizens of this place, supposing themselves to be in possession of the constitutional right of liberty of speech, and feeling bound to do something in behalf of human rights, agreed to meet in the Main-street church, (their own house,) on Monday, the 13th instant, for the purpose of organizing an anti-slavery society. They believed such efforts were sanctioned by the law of love, and have yet to learn that any statute law or constitutional principle was violated.

Well, sir, the evening arrived, and the friends of freedom organized the meeting, by appointing Mr. Taylor chairman. His election was opposed by a loud *no*, from those who came to deprive us of our rights. But as they had no right to vote, Mr. Taylor took the chair. Having stated the object of the meeting, and his views in taking the chair, he called on Mr. Allan to lead in devotional exercises, singing, and prayer. As soon as prayer was ended, Mr. Purple, in behalf of a committee, consisting of Messrs. Purple, Metcalfe, Stillman, Underhill, and Cleveland, from a meeting held in the court-house in the afternoon, stepped forward, and called the attention of the meeting to a paper which he held in his hand, containing a preamble and resolutions, the purport of which was, that anti-slavery principles were illegal, unconstitutional, and disorganizing, and that if we would not peaceably dissolve the meeting, they would do it by violence. Mr. Allan then attempted to reply to the communication, but was immediately interrupted by loud and boisterous yells and stamping from the crowd. The chairman then arose and asked, Shall Mr. Allan be heard? Some said, hear. He then spoke three or four minutes, in behalf of our inalienable right to liberty of speech, amenable only to the regular action of law. He then attempted to read the constitution of the Peoria Anti-Slavery Society, that the people might understand its principles, but was immediately stopped by the same outeries. Again the chairman asked, Will you not hear this constitution read? Again some said, hear. He then read the first paragraph, and was immediately and effectually stopped, by the most fierce and violent noises. The chairman attempted in vain to quell the disturbance. The spirit of violence seemed to rise higher and higher every moment. The sheriff and other peace officers were present, but did nothing to secure to us the possession of our house, and the freedom of speech; and many wealthy and influential members of the community were there, some of them countenancing the riot. Law and order were completely trampled under foot. Under these circumstances, it was thought best to adjourn. We did so, and after some time, left the house without molestation. Thus we escaped *personal* injury, but had our INALIENABLE RIGHTS *rudely* and *violently* taken from us.

James Taylor, *Moses Pettengill,*
John Reynolds, *A. T. Castle,*
T. Adams.

The next evening the citizens again met in the court-house, and reported the following resolutions:

"Whereas, an effort has been made, by a very small minority of our citizens, and others, to effect a public organization of an abolition society in Peoria; and whereas, the principles of modern abolitionism are at utter variance with the letter and spirit of our glorious and revered national Constitution, which teaches and enjoins union and harmony between the citizens of the several States; and whereas, it is the duty of every good citizen to support and maintain the government, which affords him protection, and of every patriot and lover of his country to frown indignantly upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of the citizens of the Union from citizens of another portion: therefore,

Resolved, That the citizens of Peoria are opposed to the formation of an abolition society within their community, and will resist every attempt to effect a public organization of such a society among them, so long as they possess the power to do so.

Resolved, That so long as the great mass of our population is utterly opposed to the principles and practices of modern abolitionists, and regard them with abhorrence, as revolting to all those sentiments of pride and self-respect which white men ought to possess, and to all the lessons of patriotism and veneration for the Constitution and laws of the country, which we have received from our fathers, we will not submit to the introduction among us of a society avowing those principles.

Resolved, That the late abortive attempt to effect a public organization of an abolition society in this place, might justly have been regarded with contempt and indifference, on account of the insignificance of the number of persons who were concerned in it, had not the fact that an active, and latterly avowed agent of a foreign society, was at the head of the attempt, made it apparent that the puny infant was destined, by the aid of foreign nurses and tutelage, to become a giant, whose strength would bid defiance to all efforts to resist his treasonous projects.

Resolved, That we entertain as high and holy a regard for the "liberty of speech," in its rational, constitutional sense, as do any of the misguided zealots whose distempered philanthropy transforms the world (both temporal and spiritual) into a negro; but that *we cannot*, and *will not permit* that sacred right to be used as a "wooden horse," for the introduction among us of runaway slaves, free negro loafers, practical amalgamation, treason, disunion, civil war, the destruction of all those civil rights of life, "liberty, and property," (to which we have at least an equal claim with negroes,) and other evils, necessarily resulting from the establishment of abolition principles.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the sudden and effectual abortion of the recent public attempt to foist an abolition society upon us, and proclaim our unalterable determination to *frown* upon every succeeding attempt, as indignantly and as effectually as upon the first.

Resolved, That we look on the negro race with kindness, but that we do not desire them, like frogs in Egypt, in our bedchambers and around our tables.

Resolved, That we view the press as an exponent of the views of the people, and not as the director, and we will support no print that advocates views contrary to our interests and our honor.

Resolved, That we view slavery as the domestic business of the South, not our business or our sin, and a matter in which no State or individual has a right to interfere, particularly against the wishes of those interested.

Resolved, That abolition has been the ruin of every town in which its seed has taken root. We want no such forced products here, and ask in tones of authority to be let alone. And that in the *Rev.* William Allan, we see a disturber of the public peace, and one whose business is agitation and abolition, and think his services here can be dispensed with.

On motion of Mr. May, Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed, to request the publishers of the newspaper presses of our town not to give publicity to any of the proceedings of the abolition societies, nor to publish any of their *notices* whatever, nor any communications advocating their peculiar doctrines, and if any of them refuse to comply with such request, that we withdraw our support and patronage from such newspaper press.

The chair was authorized to fill the committee, and he appointed I. Underhill, E. N. Powell, G. T. Metcalfe, L. B. Knowlton, and L. Howell.

On motion of Dr. Castle, it was resolved that the proceedings of the meeting be signed by the chairman and secretary, and published in the Press and the Register.

FRANCIS VORIS, *Chairman.*

LEWIS HOWELL, *Secretary.*

The last resolution was handed into the printing office of the Register, and the editor at once declared all connection between him and the paper dissolved. He says:

"Of the proposed anti-slavery meeting, I had known nothing, and cared nothing. Of their principles, views, and objects, I had never sought to inform myself; the study thereof not being in accordance with my inclination. But while I claim the right of thinking for myself on this subject, I am perfectly willing that all others should enjoy the same liberty. I am also impressed with the belief that the surest way to make abolitionists is to persecute and mob them; and I have therefore thought it the wisest course to let them alone. I never doubted the right of the anti-slavery society to meet whenever they chose, and do their business in their own way, in the same manner that any other society in this free country might do. But since so much has been said and done in this matter by men 'learned in the law,' led on by a candidate for the judgeship of this circuit, I have supposed I might be in error, and have therefore examined the Constitution on the subject. In article 1st, I find it ordained that 'Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition government for redress of grievances.' In article 8th, it is expressly provided that 'the printing presses shall be free to every person who undertakes to examine the proceedings of the general assembly, or of any branch of government; no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The free communion of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man, and every man may freely speak, write, and print on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of that liberty. In the revised code of Illinois, I also find the following:

'If two or more persons assemble for the purpose of disturbing the public peace, or committing any unlawful act, ... persons so offending shall, on conviction, be severally fined in any sum not exceeding fifty dollars, and imprisoned not exceeding one month. If two or more persons actually do an unlawful act with force or violence against the person or property of another, with or without a common cause of quarrel, or even do a lawful act in a violent or tumultuous manner, the persons so offending shall be deemed guilty of a riot, and on conviction, shall severally be fined not exceeding two hundred dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding six months.'

From all this, I learn that the anti-slavery society acted according to the Constitution and the laws, and that the citizens who interrupted them, acted contrary to both, and are liable to the punishment prescribed in the law quoted."

Speaking of the resolutions passed by the mobocrats, he says:

"Upon these resolutions it is not my purpose to comment, any farther than they attack the right of free discussion. The men who adopted them may *resolve* as much in favor of slavery as they please; but when they, at a meeting called for the purpose of muzzling the press, avow a regard for 'the liberty of speech, in its rational, constitutional sense,' they must expect their hypocrisy to be exposed. When they say, also, that the toleration of the freedom of speech and of the press—or, as they term it, *abolition*—'has been the ruin of every place in which its seed has taken root,' they prove themselves simpletons. Wherever free discussion has been tolerated, and a spirit manifested to maintain the supremacy of the laws, there has been prosperity; and wherever a mob has risen and shown itself stronger than the laws, there has been the reverse of prosperity. Take two or three examples. No place in our State has been more petted than Alton, and for none has our legislature done so much. Witness its action, at different times, upon the great national road; its location there of the penitentiary, and the terminus of the Southern Cross railroad. In an evil hour Alton tolerated a MOB—put down free discussion by force—and murdered the conductor of a public press! That act sealed her doom; and her name is now a hissing and a reproach throughout the land. Her population has retrograded; her business men are mostly bankrupts; real estate has depreciated more than in any other town in the State; and though she is the natural market for this part of the State, no business man ever thinks of stopping there to trade. From Alton we turn to Chicago, the very hotbed, if you please, of abolitionism, whence the newspaper of the State society issues weekly a larger edition than any other paper in the State. We all know what Chicago is, and what she is destined to be."

Thus does blind pro-slavery rage build up the very cause it strives to pull down; driving people to examine it by the light of the Constitution, and the professed principles of a free government.

THE SECOND WORLD'S CONVENTION IN LONDON.

"The Emancipator states that Messrs. Leavitt, Colver, and Phelps, have been chosen delegates to attend this exclusive convention, in June next. We are happy to believe that not a single delegate to it will be sent either by the American A. S. Society, or any of its auxiliaries. The terms of admission are, that every delegate shall be "a *gentleman*"—and no other reason need be adduced why such a narrow-minded convention should be repudiated by every true-hearted abolitionist. Genuine Christian philanthropy has nothing to do with it."

We copy the above from the Liberator. There are other reasons than the one assigned, why the American Society should send no delegates to this convention, and why all auxiliary societies friendly to the American, should decline being represented there. In the first place, a portion of the delegates whom we sent to the first convention were not allowed to take part in the deliberations, or even join the convention, after they had incurred the trouble and expense of crossing the Atlantic, to attend the conference of a committee calling itself "*World's* Convention." A greater piece of discourtesy was probably never practised by one society toward another laboring for the same object.

The agent of the American Society was officially informed by the secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in 1841, that their "confidence was alienated from the American Society;" and all they have done, from that time to this, indicates, too plainly to be misunderstood, that all their sympathies are with new organization. Whether any representatives of a broader platform would be civilly received by the London committee is extremely doubtful; and at all events, we should not suppose that any one who retains a particle of respect for "old school" anti-slavery, would give them a chance to treat it with indignity, in the person of any delegate from auxiliary branches.

ACQUITTAL.

The jury have acquitted young Mercer for the murder of Heberton, who had seduced his sister. We rejoice that the deeply-injured and desperate young man escapes the awful penalty of his rash deed. But if *public opinion* is to decide how much provocation is sufficient, to warrant one man in blowing another's brains out, what is the use of the expense and formality of *Law*? That Mercer shot Heberton, no one denies; that he kept watch of his movements, and deliberately followed him out of the city for that purpose, is admitted. But, in sympathy for his great wrongs, the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty, and the multitude in the court-house and street greeted it with loud cheers. This idea, that men, under circumstances *sufficiently* provoking, may revenge their own injuries, is a dangerous one. The sympathy, almost amounting to admiration, manifested in favor of Mercer, for shooting his sister's seducer, doubtless had a share in producing the death of Corlies, in New-York, for seducing Colton's wife. How are men to know just how *much* provocation will insure the support of public opinion in cases of murder? The present state of things is evidently very loose and uncertain.

GARRISON'S WRITINGS.—It will be seen by advertisement on the last page, that Oliver Johnson is about publishing these in Boston. It will doubtless be a very acceptable volume to numerous and enthusiastic friends and admirers. That it will be published in the best style, we feel well assured; for we see no printing more neat, accurate, and tasteful, than that from the press of Oliver Johnson. We understand he is publishing a neat little volume of Garrison's Poems, which will be ready for sale at the anniversary.

HENRY COLMAN.—This gentleman sailed on his agricultural mission to Europe, last week. As usual, he was energetic, sanguine, and full of his project. That he will transmit much information highly valuable to the country, there is no doubt. We have mentioned that the results of his observation are to be published in eight or ten numbers, of one hundred pages or more each, at fifty cents per number, to subscribers. As Mr. C. relies on this for his support, subscribers will be expected to pay one dollar or more on receipt of number one.

CASTE IN THE CHURCH.—We hope that all our Episcopalian readers, at least, will read this article, and ponder seriously thereon. It has always been matter of surprise to us how the colored congregation worshipping at St. Philip's church, could so silently submit to the treatment they have received at the hands of the Episcopal authorities, by whom they are governed.

ADDRESS TO NON-SLAVEHOLDERS.—Lecturers and writers will find a valuable mine of very carefully-prepared statistics in this article. It is published in a pamphlet of 26 pages; and those who wish to serve the cause of freedom, cannot do a better thing than purchase copies to send to every candid and reasonable southerner, with whom they are acquainted.

WRONGS OF THE INDIANS.—The very interesting story of a fugitive slave, on the second page, gives a glimpse at the vast amount of unwritten wrongs against these poor children of the forest. We have always suspected that many of them were helpless victims to the great boa-constrictor, slavery. May God grant forgiveness to this guilty nation, through repentance.

☞ The article from S. S. Foster, arrived too late for insertion. It will appear next week.

Anti-Slavery Items.

MASSACHUSETTS REDEEMED FROM THE GUILT AND INFAMY OF SLAVE-CATCHING.—The following is the important act, recently adopted by the legislature of Massachusetts, in relation to persons claimed on her soil as fugitive slaves:

AN ACT further to protect Personal Liberty.

Be it enacted, &c. as follows:

Section 1. No judge of any court of record of this commonwealth, and no justice of the peace, shall hereafter take cognizance, or grant a certificate in cases that may arise under the third section of an act of Congress, passed February twelfth, seventeen hundred and ninety-three, and entitled an act respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters to any persons who claims any other person as a fugitive slave within the jurisdiction of the commonwealth.

Section 2. No sheriff, deputy sheriff, coroner, constable jailor, or other officer of this commonwealth, shall hereafter arrest, or detain, or aid in the arrest, or detention, or imprisonment in any jail, or other building belonging to this commonwealth, or to any county, city, or town thereof, of any person for the reason that he is claimed as a fugitive slave.

Section 3. Any justice of the peace, sheriff, deputy sheriff, coroner, constable, or jailor, who shall offend against the provisions of this law, by in any way acting directly or indirectly under the power conferred by the third section of the act of Congress afore-mentioned, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars for every such offense to the use of the county where said offense was committed, or shall be subject to imprisonment not exceeding one year in the county jail.

Approved by the Governor, March 24th, 1843.

This will be an effectual stopper on slave-hunting in the old Bay State. It is tantamount to an act of emancipation for all slaves who shall escape to us from the South. Under this act, no slave can, in fact, be carried back to the South; for the property claimed being, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, stronger than the claimant—and not capable of being done up in a bundle, or packed in a barrel, or carried in the pocket—it will not budge an inch, of course, at the command of the slave-hunter.

We may, therefore, proudly exclaim, in the language of the British poet, slightly altered—

"Slaves cannot breathe among us! If their lungs
Inhale our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our soil—at once their shackles fall!"

Liberator.

MAINE HAS CLEARED HER SKIRTS ALSO.—A bill lately passed the House without a division, to prohibit the use of the jails of Maine to claimants of fugitive slaves, and imposing a heavy penalty on the judicial officers of that State, who may take any part in arresting and restoring a fugitive slave. This shows the progress of public opinion on this subject. When the bill came up on its first reading, a motion was made to postpone it indefinitely. A discussion followed, which was all on one side, for no one defended the report of the majority of the joint committee against the bill. It was advocated by Mr. Severance, of Augusta, and no one replying, the motion to postpone indefinitely was negatived by a large majority. The next day the bill passed without a division. The bill came back to the House from the Senate, that body having refused it a passage. It subsequently passed in the Senate.

The following resolutions likewise passed both houses:

Resolved, That the imprisonment of any citizen of Maine, by the authority of any State in the Union, without the allegation of the commission of any crime, and solely on account of his color, is a gross violation of the federal constitution, as well as the principles of rational liberty.

Resolved, That whenever the governor of this State shall be applied to in behalf of any citizen imprisoned as aforesaid, and it shall appear to him, by a representation under oath, made by any creditable person, that such person so imprisoned, is held in prison on account of his color only, it shall be the duty of the governor, forthwith to take all suitable and proper measures to cause such citizen to be discharged from his imprisonment, and the legality of such imprisonment to be tried and determined by the courts of the United States; and the governor may draw his warrant on the treasury of the State to defray any reasonable and necessary expenses thereby incurred.

Resolved, That the governor be requested to transmit a copy of these resolves to the governors of the several States to be communicated to the legislatures thereof.

Resolved, That while we deprecate all interference with the social institutions and rights of other States, and while we hold ourselves bound by the strongest possible obligations to comply with every requisition of the Constitution of the United States, and especially with that of section 2d, article 4th, we do hold the right of every citizen, colored or not colored, to the protection of that Constitution in his person and his property to be equally good.

Resolved, That we do most solemnly, in behalf of the people of this State, protest against the existence of any laws in any of the States, or territories, of this Union, which subject our free colored citizens to the liability to be arrested and imprisoned, and to be sold into slavery for the payment of the costs of such arrest and imprisonment—that we do protest against such laws as unconstitutional and as endangering this Union.

Resolved, That our senators in Congress be instructed and our representatives requested to protest solemnly against such laws, and to use their best efforts to procure the repeal of all such laws within the States or territorial governments, if any such exist.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to each of our senators and representatives in Congress, and to the governor of each of our States and territories.

PROGRESS IN MICHIGAN.—The constitution of this State is disfigured by the word "*white*" placed before the word "inhabitants;" thus disfranchising the colored population. Petitions have been sent to the legislature, asking that body to take the necessary action for amending the constitution in this particular. A select committee, to whom these petitions were referred, has reported that the object sought by the petitioners is just and right; and recommends the adoption of a joint resolution to that effect. The report is based on sound, democratic principles.—*Liberator.*

TRUE DEMOCRACY.—The legislature of Alabama (democratic) have rejected the *property* representation in the apportionment of representatives, and have adopted the principle of *personality*, by districting the State upon the basis of the *white* or free population. The Columbia (Georgia) Enquirer says of the democratic party in Alabama:

"In the fury of their zeal to maintain their ascendency, the locofocos of Alabama have absolutely disallowed the representation of the slave portion of the population, and have framed their congressional districts exclusively upon the basis of the white population. This bold step in the shadow of abolitionism may be the first fruit which the South is by and by to reap from the broad cast seeds of democracy. The Alabama democracy is the first legislature in the Union to reject the basis of representation guarantied by the national Constitution; which guaranty presents the only safeguard to southern rights against the mad efforts of the fanatics in the halls of Congress."

If one State deems it unjust, or anti-republican, to be represented for its slave population, may it not help to open the eyes of the free States to the monstrous injustice of allowing southern planters a representation for their human "property?"

VIRGINIA.—Governor McDowell, of Virginia, has recommended a State convention, with a view of so amending the constitution, as to apportion representatives according to the *white* population alone.

Died.

At Wetumpka, Alabama, on the 6th instant, Mr. ALBERT G. MORRIS, a native of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, but for many years a resident of this city, aged about 32 years.—*N. O. Picayune,*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the two weeks ending 4th mo. (April) 8th, 1843.

The following persons have each paid $2: Z. Beeson, Dalton, Ia.; William Cope, Short Creek, Harrison co. Ohio; Peter Harris, Palmyra, N. Y.; J. S. Cooke, Peter Flake, David M. Alexander, S. W. Dwight, George St. George, Chester Burk, Arnold Wheeler, William Wilson, all of Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y.; John B. Thompkins, Paris, N. Y.; George Thomas, Winfield, Herkimer county, N. Y.; John Jay, New-York city; Polly Herrons, Hillsboro, Ohio; Loveland & Hutchinson, Norwich, Vt.; Alonzo Wilckersham, Liberty, Ia.; Jesse Stretch, Adrian, Mich.; Palmer Emerson, William Henderson, Dunn & Masters, Leverett Lord, of Hallowell, Me.; Converse Francis, Cambridge, Mass.; Seth Bemis, Boston; Female Anti-Slavery Society, Dedham, Mass.; Geo. W. Simonds, Lexington, Mass.; Geo. R. Russell, W. Roxbury, Mass.; Samuel M. Pond, Bucksport, N. Y.; Horace Clark, Dover, N. H.; James Whitehouse, do.; T. B. Hinckley, Topsham, Me.; Samuel Leggett, Whitestone, L. I.; E. Wheelwright, Newburyport, Mass.; Joseph Marble, Somerset, Mass; Henry Chace, Fall River, Mass.; Otis T. Hall, Windham, Me.; E. T. Stowell, W. Brookfield, Mass.; John W. Lyon, Hastings, Oswego county, N. Y.; H. A. Denny, Leicester, Mass.; Benjamin Merrill, Georgetown, Mass.; Henry Clark, Centreport, L. I.; David Lee, Barre, Mass.; H. Strickland, Bradford, Mass.; Samuel Rodman, New Bedford, Mass.; Joseph H. Beale, White Plains; B. Joslin, Essex, Vt.; Harry Thomas, W. Exeter, Oswego county, N. Y.; J. Richardson, Middleton, Mass.; D. Richardson, do.; William H. Anderson, Dover, N. H.; Samuel Reed, E. Abington, Mass.; Levi Robinson, Boston; A. D. Bragg, Gloucester, Mass.; George W. Briggs, Plymouth, Mass.; William Rice, Bath, Me.

J. W. Sibly, Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y. 50 cts.; Jane A. Conner, Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y. $1; David Moon, Mohawk, N. Y. $1; George W. Tappan, Hallowell, Me. $1; John L. Stevens, do. $1; A. L. Dunn, do. $1; John C. Gore, Jamaica Plains, Mass. $5; Daniel Osborne, Dover, N. H. $4; Nathaniel Borden, Fall River, Mass. $3; John Westall, do. $1. The following persons have each paid $1 67: G. T. Taft, Wilkinsonville, Mass.; Geo. Roberts, Clappville, Mass.; S. B. Titcomb, do.; A. Figh, jr. do. S. Firth, do.; L. Chase, do.; M. M. Hartwell, do.; Betsey Shaw, do.; Carter, & Quimbly, do.; Quimbly, do.; A. Firth, sen. do.; Charlotte Stone, do.; 83 cents Milton Rockwood, $1,67; Mary Brierly, do.; R. Randall, Leicester; S. Earle, do. A. White, Leicester, $1; I. Lewis, Waltham, Mass. 30 cts; R. Rockwood, do. $1; J. H. Gould, Clappville, $1 67; B. F. Henry, Bridgewater, Vt. $1; Randall & Roby, Woodstock, Vt. $3; G. R. Cooke, Spencer, N. Y. $1; Henry Belden, Washingtonville, 50 cts.; Edward Buffington, Fall River, $1; L. Lovell, do. $1; Pettes & Sampson, North Dighton, $1; Eugene Hutchinson, Milford, N. H. $1; Dr. H. Bruen, Dayton, Ohio; John Porter, Hope Valley, Ct. $2 50; E. Gammon, Gorham, Me. $1; Thomas Jernegan, South Bend, Ia. $1; Lydia Commons, Hunt's Cross Roads, Randolph county, Ia. $1; Samuel Smith, Poughkeepsie $1; Sarah D. Fish, Corresponding Secretary Western New-York Anti-Slavery Sewing Society, $20.

Donations.—Elizabeth Houpt, Newville, Herkimer co. N. Y. $1; A friend, do. 50 cts.; Sarah Seymour, Paris Hill, N. Y. 37 cts.; Henry Newland, Utica, N. Y. $5; Cash, Saundersville, Mass. $2 95; Upton Female Anti-Slavery Society, Upton, Mass. $4 55; Cash, Upton, Mass. $3; H. C. Cutler, N. Oxford, Mass. $1; A. Cutler, do. $10; J. W. Toney, do. $1; James Fitzpatrick, Clappville, Mass. 25 cts.; S. H. Moore, do. 50 cts.; A friend, do. 8 cts.; J. Q. Lamb, Leicester, Mass. $3; D. Biscoe, do. $5; A. Southwick, do. $2; Thomas Southwick, do. 50 cts.; A. White, do. $3; Sally Rockwood, do.

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MOREEN'S LAKE.

Travelers tell of a lake in Ireland, in which, at the hour of noon, can be seen a large city, with its inhabitants in a statue-like repose. Tradition thus chronicles its history:

Many years ago, a powerful chieftain dwelt there, whose daughter from her birth had been a favorite with the fairies. The valley in which the city was located, produced everything abundantly, and of the best quality, except the water, which was thick and brackish. At the birth of his daughter, Moreen, among other gifts presented her by the fairies, was an exhaustless well of pure water, which was never to be uncovered before sunrise, or after sunset; as its guardian fairy was at enmity with the spirits of the night, who would have the power to unchain its fountain, if they could gain an opportunity to look within it. A guard was placed over the well, and for many years the people were abundantly supplied therefrom. On a certain occasion, a mighty king arrived in the city after nightfall, and being sorely travel-worn, requested water, in which himself and retinue might wash. But a small supply was drawn, and the chief, fearful of offending his visiter, ordered the well to be uncovered. The instant this was done, an awful tempest arose, and its waters began to foam and boil, and rise rapidly. In a moment they reached the top of the well, and in another were pouring over the valley. The chieftain and his people vainly attempted to fly, but by the power of enchantment were chained to the spot.

In the land of green clad Erin,
Sleeps a lake as crystal fair;
Far beneath its silent waters
Strange and wondrous sights appear.

Scenes are they of former ages,
Of a fallen chieftain's state;
Leaves, which fairy hands have gathered,
From the picture-book of fate.

There, beneath its glassy surface,
Lies the "city of the dead;"
And tradition tells the story,
How its chief was vanquished.

Not upon the field of battle,
Where the brave contend with brave;
To that chieftain and his people
Came a summons from the grave.

In a valley fair and glorious,
As the sunset robes of day,
When the clouds of gold and crimson
Gather round his homeward way,

Dwelt he in his ancient splendor:
For his use a fairy well
Gave out water sweet as nectar,
Pure and sparkling as it fell.

Mortal strength and mortal wisdom,
Laughed to scorn the fairy power;
Soon the well-lake waters covered
Palace gay and lordly tower.

Chieftain, people, all were fated;
Doomed to know a living death,
Far beneath its fairy waters,
Which no ripple troubleth.

Time has passed unheeded by them,
Age with them has left no token,
Chains in which the Past has bound them
Never hath the Present broken.

As I pondered, thus the spirit
Spake, in language sweet and clear:
"Man, behold the lot of all men;
Read to them a lesson here."

And methought a light celestial
Shed on me its living rays;
Then I spake the wondrous riddle
Of this tale of other days.

In the green vale of his being,
Man has builded mansions fair;
Palaces of hope and pleasure
Lift their heads in beauty there.

And for him a well is opened,
Of the joys which earth bestows;
Murmuring soft, and clear as crystal,
Pleasantly the well-spring flows.

They, who of its fairy water
Drink with moderation's cup,
With the stone of self-denial,
Nightly seal the fountain up;

Shall be strengthened for the battle,
Which the soul of man must wage,
With the Present, Past, and Future,
For its glorious heritage.

Such as like the ancient chieftain,
Suffer night to look therein,
And behold reflected from it
Clouds of darkness and of sin;

Shall the waters see uprising,
Fiercely scorning all control;
In their progress desolating
All that beautifies the soul.

Shall behold the living Present,
Fettered with the death-bound Past,
And the pall of life's inaction
O'er the glorious Future cast.

Then the pilgrim, worn and wearied
With the steep ascent of life,
Or the soldier, faint and fevered,
With the fierce and angry strife,

Shall within its silent bosom
Vainly look for mirrored skies;
In their stead a mighty city,
Phantom-like, shall greet their eyes.

'Tis the city of man's being,
Action, life, and spirit fled;
Cold, and marble-like, and silent
As the "City of the Dead." S. F.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON THE DEATH OF RUDOLPH JUSTICE.

The winter winds are mourning wild,
As some deserted orphan child,
Who thinks upon those hours of light
Immersed in stern misfortunes night.
The traveler, (for the night is cold,)
Is muffling close his mantle's fold,
And hastening on his lonely path
To meet the murmuring night wind's wrath.
And all is sad—my spirit keeps
Its watch, while many a mortal sleeps—
Sleeps—all unconscious of the cares,
That throng this vale of mist and snares.
Yes, I am sad; for in my ear
A low and whispering voice I hear—
It tells me that a stainless soul
Has winged afar its viewless flight,
To that celestial, blissful goal,
Where beams of pure and quenchless light
Illume a land where mortal gaze
Would blinded be—to dare its blaze.
And who would *not* be sad to hear
The word my ear has heard but now?
Who would not breathe a sigh sincere,
Or shed for thee a tribute tear,
Oh, Rudolph, of the gentle brow?
Would that our erring feet might tread
A path as innocent as thine;
Where virtue and benevolence
Clothed every feeling, every sense,
That knelt before their sainted shrine.
Friend of the poor and fainting slave,
Young as thou wert, thy presence gave
A cheering faith to those who toil
To loosen dark oppression's coil;
And when commingling they shall meet,
All trembling shall the warm heart beat,
To think that thou no more art nigh,
With thoughtful look and tranquil eye.
And yet—depart: thy way is clear—
And he who would arrest thy wing,
And bind thee to a world so drear,
Must lightly prize that Heavenly sphere,
Where Seraph's harps are murmuring.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1st, 1843. E. H. C.

Miscellany.

From the Democratic Review.

BLACK JACOB.

The books reviewed in the article from which this is extracted, are the *Rev.* George B. Cheever's argument in *favor* of Capital Punishment, as expressly ordained by God; and "Black Jacob, a Monument of Grace. By A. D. Eddy:" published by the Sunday School Union.

But a few words, first, to the other modest little volume which is conjoined with Mr. Cheever's, at the head of the present article. And who is "Black Jacob," that he should be admitted into such honorable companionship? Black Jacob was a negro, for whom it was well that the Rev. Mr. Cheever was not the "keeperof the conscience" to the government of the State of New-York, in the year of our Lord 1820. In that case, he must have been exhibited as a "monument of grace" upon the gallows, according to Mr. Cheever's views of imperative obligation of *duty to an assumed command of God*, and to his peculiar theory of the law of Christian benevolence and mercifulness, characterizing that cherished and time-honored institution; instead of being, through a subsequent life of religious goodness and social well-doing, an object of general respect and regard; and, after an exemplary death, (in another sense from that which consistency would require Mr. Cheever to have preferred to witness in his case,) of posthumous commemoration and eulogy.

Black Jacob, after first seeing the light somewhere in Pennsylvania, had knocked about the world as an ignorant and worthless, though remarkably clever negro, till the age of fifty-six, when he found himself settled in Orange county, New-York. His biography thus briefly describes him at this period: "Having cast aside all the restraints of moral influence, he had become confirmed on land in all the habits of vice contracted upon the sea." He was here employed to do one of the foulest murders ever planned. It was upon an old man of seventy, named Jennings—being a murder of revenge on the part of a family which had been long engaged in the hostilities of law with Jennings, resulting in the great disappointment and impoverishment of the former. Jacob was a laborer, in their employment. For a year they were engaged in preparing it, and inducing Jacob to their service for its execution. His objections, (though he resisted for a long time,) at last yielded to persuasion, intemperance, and promise of pecuniary reward; and, undertaking it, he carried it into effect with the utmost deliberation, shooting him early one morning in the head, and one of his white accomplices completing the murder with the butt-end of the gun. Of the latter, there were four—three men, and the wife of one of them. Of the three men, two were hung, one imprisoned for life, while the woman was let off with a nominal punishment, (as is usually the case in this country, in murders by women.) Jacob was found guilty, but received a commutation to imprisonment for life, from the legislature then in session; the executive, before the adoption of the new constitution, in 1821, not having the power of *commutation*, though possessing that of pardon. He had made a very favorable impression on the court and audience, by his meritorious deportment on his own trial, and that of the others, against whom he had been used as the chief witness of the State. His testimony against his accomplices had been given voluntarily, without inducement of hope held out to himself. A striking proof of his intellectual superiority—(removing him so much the further from excuse for his crime)—was contained in a wonderful cross-examination, conducted with great power on the part of the defending counsel, which he endured for upwards of seven hours, at one time, uninterruptedly, without ever faltering or stumbling, in any of the details of his testimony. Mr. Van Buren, at that time attorney-general of the State, was engaged in the case, to assist the district attorney of the county; and it has since been a frequent subject of mention by him, that he had never seen such a witness as Black Jacob, for clearness of mind and memory, and steadiness under the hottest ordeal. And even in the midst of his ignorance and degradation, the most casual observer was struck, we are told, with the superior manliness and dignity of his deportment. Judge Van Ness, when pronouncing his sentence of death, said to him, "You possess more than an ordinary strength of mind. Providence has blessed you with a memory without a parallel in all my experience." However, the "command of God" was violated—"the authority of the Bible" trampled on—and even Mr. Cheever's newly-discovered principle, in the very "Law of Love" of the Christian gospel, *requiring* the atonement of "blood for blood," was impiously disregarded—(for Heaven's sake, reader, impute not all this to us!)—and Black Jacob was *not* hung, atrocious and deliberate as had been his hired assassination; his soul was *not* hurled down the fatal plunge into the darkness of eternity; and his body was *not* "delivered to the President of the County Medical Society, for dissection." This was doubtless highly criminal on the part of the public authorities; but such was the fact. Black Jacob was first committed to a cell in the penitentiary on Manhattan island, where he was at first treated with a neglect and harshness which produced only a bad effect on his character, until he was afterwards removed to the famous State prison at Auburn.

A very interesting view is presented in the Rev. Mr. Eddy's narrative, of the influence of a wisely, kind, and liberal spirit of prison discipline, in softening the most rugged natures, in reclaiming the most inveterate habits of viciousness; even though that very last degree of red guilt may have been incurred, of which Mr. Cheever tells us that "it is right, it is benevolent, it is necessary, that such a crime should invariably, without any exception, in any case whatever, be punished with the extremest penalty of which heaven has annexed the authority to human law."

Notwithstanding his advanced age, he was taught to read; and eventually, under the influence of this *truly* Christian method of dealing with crime and the criminal, became a genuine, humble, and devout penitent, and a truly exemplary disciple of the Cross. He in the end received a pardon—the exact time of which we do not find stated—though we believe it was in 1831, about eleven years after the date of his sentence. After living a year in the village of Auburn, in the house of a gentleman of that place, he removed to the neighboring village of Canandaigua, to that of a highly respectable and estimable lady, in whose service he continued till his death, in February of last year; having the general stewardship and charge of her house and establishment, and fully meriting, by his conduct, the unbounded confidence reposed in him, during both the absence and presence of the family, which consisted entirely of ladies. The modesty, consistency, and deep and strong religious fervor which characterized this poor old *mercifully treated murderer*—the practical excellence and beneficence of his life—the trusting tranquillity of his death—the high regard and admiration which he appeared to awaken on the part of all around him—all combine to prove that society was at least no sufferer by this instance of a wisely-benign mercy, extended even to one who seemed one of the most abject in ignorance, most inveterate in vice, and most atrocious in the immediate hireling assassination which he had perpetrated with so much deliberation. It may have been an act meriting, for its plain disobedience to the alledged authority of God, His high displeasure; but that displeasure was certainly manifested in a very singular mode. We will conclude this account of *one* recent recorded case which thus escaped the application of Mr. Cheever's "Law of Love," with the following:

"Jacob was not only a constant attendant upon the appointments of the church of which he was a member, but he often led in devotional exercises, when requested to do so. In those services he engaged without the slightest appearance of pride. On the contrary, his public exercises, as well as his whole deportment, were characterized uniformly with the most humble spirit. At the same time, there was a propriety, a richness, and a glow of devotion in his services, that showed alike the superior order of his mind, and the deep piety of his heart. I shall never forget one prayer-meeting in particular. It was held at the house where he lived. After several others had led in the devotional exercises of the evening, all of whom had received the advantages of education, and exhibited nothing inappropriate or defective in the character of their petitions, Jacob was asked to pray. Kneeling before us, he led our devotions in a manner so appropriate, so solemn, so tender, subdued and scriptural, that all which preceded seemed cold, formal, and heartless. There was such apparent nearness to God, such great familiarity with the service of prayer, such breathing of a heavenly spirit, that in following him myself, I felt like treading on hallowed ground. In this exercise, beyond all others, he was most at home and happy. Indeed, there was often a majesty of thought in his prayers that gave a magnificent richness to the drapery that clothed them, till in listening to the glowing language of his supplications, I have often been reminded of the power of piety and the spirit of God, as illustrated in the inspiration of truth, where the clearness and sacredness of the subject forbid the use of any other than the most appropriate and impressive language. He had learned the necessity and value of prayer from the Bible; and thence, too, he had at first drawn the finest thoughts and language with which to approach the mercy-seat."

* * * * * *

"*Jacob was a useful Christian.* Such a one could hardly be otherwise. It may be said of him, 'He hath done what he could.' There are not a few in this village who owe their conversion, under God, to his faithfulness; and I doubt not there are many who are ready to rise up and call him blessed."

After all, may not the question be suggested to some of these ministers of the Christian gospel, Was not this rather better than hanging him by the neck from a gallows till he was dead, and delivering his body to "the President of the Orange County Medical Society, for dissection?"

MISS MITFORD.

Everybody remembers "Our Village," that pleasant, playful, rural book, the reading of which is almost as refreshing as a scamper through the green lanes and flowery meadow-carpets of blooming England. The author of that volume, and many a popular story, in which the rural life of England is delineated with a most picturesque pencil, and the kindest heart, is now struggling with pecuniary entanglements, which threaten to reduce her to poverty. Filial devotion to her father has involved her in these embarrassments. In a letter to Mrs. Sigourney, (not intended to meet the public eye,) she writes thus:

My father is a splendid old man, with a most noble head, a fine countenance full of benevolence and love, hair of silvery whiteness, and a complexion like winter berries. I suppose there was never a more beautiful embodiment of healthful and virtuous old age. He possesses all his faculties with the most vigorous clearness, but his health suffers, and my time is almost entirely devoted to his service, waiting upon him, and reading to him by night and by day. How to promote his comfort, in his advanced years and increasing infirmities, occupies most of my thoughts. It is my privilege to make many sacrifices to this pleasing duty; for with my dearest father, should I be so unhappy as to survive him, will depart all that binds me to this world.

The good old man has lately departed, and the involved state of his affairs has brought his daughter under a debt of £1,000. A committee has been raised, consisting of Thomas More, Mr. Sargeant Talfourd, Lord Radnor, and other admirers of her genius, to raise a fund, that will enable her to retain the simple but pleasant little cottage which has so long been her home. Miss Sedgwick, in her "Letters from Abroad," gives the following interesting account of a visit to Miss Mitford:

I had written to Miss Mitford, my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall, had made us all merry with anticipating the usual denouement of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English too,") professed an acquaintance of some twenty years standing with Miss Mitford, and assured us that she was one of "the cleverest women in England," and "the doctor" (her father) "an 'earty old boy." And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now, you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?" and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss Mitford became aware who M. was, she said, "What! the sister of ——— pass my door? that must never be;" so M. nothing lothe, joined us. Miss Mitford is truly "a little body," and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have broad humor, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale gray, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said; "for I love them next to my father." And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favorites; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines;—the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses! and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my country women a vision of this little paradise of bowers, that they might learn how taste and industry, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden culture, might triumph over small space and small means.

Miss Mitford's house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in the village of S——; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours, she keeps two men servants, (one a gardener,) two or three maid servants, and two horses. In this humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started vantage ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, panting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be.

From the Boston Christian World.

EXECUTION ON BOARD THE SOMERS.

We feel no inclination to speak unkindly of Capt. Mackenzie. We do not regard him as a cruel, bloodthirsty man. We allow him the full force of the apology, that he acted according to his ideas of duty. After the supposed mutineers were in irons, *mutiny* was the absorbing idea in his mind. He read of danger in every look. If the crew were dilatory in their movements, it was from a mutinous spirit; if they rushed aft, quickly, in a body, this too was from the mutinous spirit; if they kept apart and were silent, if they gathered together in knots for conversation, either conduct was equal proof to him, that they were determined upon mutiny. Every glance, every look of the prisoners gave him fresh alarm, and the danger was reflected back from the distressed and anxious countenances of his officers. Mutiny, mutiny, was his thought by day and by night, till at last, with this one idea in his mind, he nerved himself up to the supposed duty of destroying the prisoners. His error arose from the circumstances in which he was placed. The fatal issue was from the radical evils of the war system, not from any special malice or cruelty in the individual.

But the deed was a dreadful one, under whatever aspect we may view it. A vessel bearing the flag of a Christian nation, her crew consisting chiefly of boys, cannot be made safe for her officers without the hanging of three men at the yard-arm. And the circumstances of the execution—every man and boy engaged in it—the officers holding their pistols, ready to shoot any one refusing to aid in the deed of death. Then, before the bodies were cold in death, the call to dinner—then, prayers to a God of Love through the Prince of peace—then the voice of the crew, cheering, as if in triumph for the deed!

We picture to ourselves the emotions of Mackenzie, as he passed from the deck to retirement in his cabin. Gradually, as the flush of excitement passed off, must have come, if not remorse for the deed, at least doubts of the Christian-like nature of an employment which forced him to the execution. He must, possessing ordinary feeling, have felt sick at heart. His profession of arms could not so far change his human nature as to make him altogether reckless of blood, and enable him to hang a part of his own crew without most intense suffering.

Wales, when examined by the court, testified that Spencer asked him, "Do you fear a dead man; are you afraid to take life?" Wales answered, as he says, "Let any one insult me, and you will see that I am not afraid to take life," or words to that effect. Spencer was ready to take life, too; the crew were willing to take life; Mackenzie was willing, and so were his officers. No one "feared dead men;" all were ready to kill, if killing would accomplish their several purposes of honor, safety, or pay. The vessel was built, equipped, manned, officered, for the purpose of slaughter, when occasion required;—adapted only, as Cromwell's knife, "to kill with." The war principle is, that life should be taken whenever it is for the advantage, safety, gain, or honor, of those who take it. It is the most intense selfishness—utter recklessness of others' good. How can good come from it? Why should any one be condemned for carrying out the war principle, by those who uphold the war principle?

But let us turn the view to the noble, the glorious, the heavenly principle taught in the Christian scriptures—the principle of *Love*—not love to those only who love us—not to our friends alone, nor to those of our party, sect, country, but love even to enemies—the love expressed in the life of Jesus Christ, and fully manifested in his death upon the Cross of Calvary. This is the peculiar feature of Christianity; the criterion and mark that it is from Heaven.

But we have the objection, that this full and entire Christian love cannot be reduced to practice,—that it is not safe to love enemies—that the meek cannot inherit the earth,—that a blessing cannot come to the peace-maker,—that a religion of peace is not adapted to this world.

Is not this placing the wisdom of the world against the wisdom of our Saviour? Is it not bringing into contempt the Christian religion? Does it not put into the mouth of sceptics and infidels a *strong* argument against our faith? Is it not practical infidelity itself?

When professing Christians fight and destroy each other,—when war is upheld as an element of order absolutely *essential*, does it not take all meaning from the words of Jesus? If the wisdom of the world is thus opposed to the wisdom of Him who spake as never man spake, let us not hesitate in which to confide. S. E. C.

THE LIVING PHANTOM—A TRUE STORY.

BY THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

When I was a young boy, I had delicate health, and was somewhat of a pensive and contemplative turn of mind: it was my delight, in the long, summer evenings, to slip away from my noisy and more robust companions, that I might walk in the shade of a venerable wood, my favorite haunt, and listen to the cawing of the old rooks, who seemed as fond of this retreat as I was.

One evening, I sat later than usual, though the distant sound of the cathedral clock had more than once warned me to my home. There was a stillness in all nature that I was unwilling to disturb by the least motion. From this reverie I was suddenly startled, by the sight of a tall, slender woman, who was standing by me, looking sorrowfully and steadily in my face. She was dressed in white, from head to foot, in a fashion that I had never seen before; her garments were unusually long and flowing, and rustled as she glided through the low shrubs near me, as if they were made of the richest silk. My heart beat as if I was dying, and I knew not that I could have stirred from the spot: but she seemed so very mild and beautiful, I did not attempt it. Her pale, brown hair, was braided round her head, but there were some locks that strayed upon her neck; and, altogether, she looked like a lovely picture, but not like a lovely woman. I closed my eyes forcibly with my hands, and, when I looked again, she had vanished.

I cannot exactly say why I did not, on my return, speak of this beautiful appearance: nor why, with a strange mixture of hope and fear, I went again and again to the same spot, that I might see her. She always came; and often in the storm and plashing rain, that never seemed to touch or to annoy her, and looked sweetly on me, and silently passed on: and though she was so near to me, that once the wind lifted those light, straying locks, and I felt them against my cheek, yet I never could move or speak to her. I fell ill; and when I recovered, my mother closely questioned me of the tall lady, of whom, in the height of my fever, I had so often spoken.

I cannot tell you what a weight was taken from my boyish spirits, when I learned that this was no apparition, but a most lovely woman—not young though she had kept her young looks; for the grief which had broken her heart seemed to have spared her beauty.

When the rebel troops were retreating, after their total defeat, in that very wood I was so fond of, a young officer, unable any longer to endure the anguish of his wounds, sunk from his horse, and laid himself down to die. He was found there by the daughter of Sir Henry R——, and conveyed, by a trusty domestic, to her father's mansion. Sir Henry was a loyalist: but the officer's desperate condition excited his compassion, and his many wounds spoke a language a brave man could not misunderstand. Sir Henry's daughter, with many tears, pleaded for him, and promised that he should be carefully and secretly attended. And well she kept that promise: for she waited upon him (her mother being long dead) for many weeks, and anxiously watched for the opening of eyes, that, languid as he was, looked bright and gratefully upon his young nurse.

You may fancy, better than I can tell you, as he slowly recovered, all the moments that were spent in reading, and low-voiced singing, and gentle playing on the lute; and how many fresh flowers were brought to one, whose wounded limbs would not bear him to gather them for himself; and how calmly the days glided on in the blessedness of returning health, and in that sweet silence so carefully enjoined him. I will pass by this, to speak of one day, which, brighter and pleasanter than others, did not seem more bright or more lovely than the looks of the young maiden, as she gayly spoke of "a little festival, which (though it must bear an unworthier name) she meant really to give in honor of her guest's recovery." "And it is time, lady," said he, "for that guest, so tended and so honored, to tell you his whole story, and speak to you of one who will help him to thank you: may I ask you, fair lady, to write a little billet for me, which, even in these times of danger, I may find some means to forward." To his mother, no doubt, she thought, as, with light steps and a lighter heart, she seated herself by his couch, and smilingly bade him dictate: but, when he said, "My dear wife," and lifted up his eyes to be asked for more, he saw before him a pale statue, that gave him one look of utter despair, and fell, for he had no power to help her, heavily at his feet. Those eyes never truly reflected the pure soul again, or answered, by answering looks, the fond inquiries of her poor old father. She lived to be as I saw her, sweet and gentle, and delicate always; but reason returned no more. She visited, till the day of her death, the spot where she first saw that young soldier, and dressed herself in the very clothes that he said so well became her.

REMARKABLE STORY OF CHICKEN LITTLE.

The following story was frequently told to little folks by Harriet Martineau, during her visit to this country. It has lately been published in a child's book:

Did you ever hear of Chicken Little, how she disturbed a whole neighborhood by her foolish alarm? Well, Chicken Little was running about in a gentleman's garden, and she ran under a rosebush, and a leaf fell on her tail; so she was dreadfully frightened, and ran away to Hen Pen. "Oh, Hen Pen," said she, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "O, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail!" "Come, then," says Hen Pen, "let us run as fast as we can!" So they ran till they came to Duck Luck. "Oh, Duck Luck!" says Hen Pen, "the sky is falling!" "Why, how do you know it?" says Duck luck. "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail!" "Oh, let us run!" says Duck Luck. And they went on till they came to Goose Loose. "Oh, Goose Loose!" says Duck Luck, "the sky is falling!" "Why, Duck Luck, how do you know it?" "Hen Pen told me!" "Hen Pen, how do you know it?" Chicken Little told me!" "Chicken Little, how do you know it?" "Oh, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail!" "Run, run! as fast as you can," says Goose Loose. And away they all went till they met with Fox Lox. "Oh, Fox Lox! the sky is falling!" "Who told you?" says Fox Lox. "Goose Loose told me!" Goose Loose, who told you? "Duck Luck." "Duck Luck, who told you?" "Hen Pen told me!" "Hen Pen, who told you?" "Chicken Little told me." "Chicken Little, who told you?" "Oh, I heard it with my ears, I saw it with my eyes, and part of it fell on my tail!" "Make haste," says Fox Lox, "and all come into my den." Fox Lox opened the door, and in they went, and he made a supper of them. And all this from the foolish fright of Chicken Little.

SCENE IN A QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

One of the most ludicrous scenes, of which we ever heard, took place in a Quaker meeting-house in this town on Thursday last. It was, substantially, as follows. The house had been opened and warmed for the usual "Fifth-day meeting." A short time before the hour of service one of the "Friends," went into the house to attend the fire, when what was his surprise to find two or three men there, up in the very highest seats in the synagogue, preparing to take quiet possession! One had a hammer, another a brush, a third some trappings, and it seemed as if a young company of upholsterers had resolved to adorn and beautify the unpainted walls and benches of the sober-looking room. The Friend interrupted them with the pertinent question, "What is thee doing?" "Fixing up, sir." "What is thee fixing up?" "For our exhibition to-night." "Thy exhibition—*what* exhibition?" "Why, our "magic theatre and juggling exhibition?" "Who told thee to make such worldly arrangements in this place?" "The selectmen, sir." "What have they to do with this house?" "Why, isn't this the town hall?" "No, it's the Hicksite meeting-house!" The rest of the conversation was lost in what was probably the only burst of laughter which ever disturbed the sober echoes of that building.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

GEMS FROM JEAN PAUL.

Reform.—Reformers are apt to forget, that to set a watch, all that is required is, to move the minute-hand—not to take the works to pieces.

Storm and Peace.—The heaven was dark and the earth bloody; grief, and pain, and death were on its surface, whence clouds of fire and smoke went up into the clear sky; man was contending with man, and both perishing in the battle struggle. But around them was a realm of peace; the lark soared up into the skies, the nightingale sung in her flowers, and the other songsters of the woods fed their young, and practised their melodies. Poets, ye too are songsters—like these, be pure, and peaceful, and tuneful, even when storms rage around you.

Religion.—He whose abode is on the lofty heights of religious feeling, will have his hours of darkness like others, but they will be short; as the nights are longer in valleys than on mountains.

Lying.—The first sin on earth was a lie, that of the devil about the tree of knowledge; and the last will be also.

Analysis.—The atmosphere is nowhere so foul, as where it is most frequently analyzed—by chemists and preachers.

Find Joy in All.—The life of most men is like water, which reflects the sun's light in but one spot, while all the rest is dark; and if one little cloud comes over that spot, all is gloomy. But let thy life be like the diamond, which, by nature, reflects light from but one point, but is fashioned by art into a thousand new surfaces, so that there is no darkness in it.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Fire-Proof Cement.—The French cement for the roof of houses, to preserve the wood and protect it from fire, is made in the following manner:

Take as much lime as is usual in making a pot of whitewash, and mix it in a pailfull of water: in this put two and half pounds of brown sugar, and three pounds of fine salt; mix them well together, and the cement is completed. A little lampblack, yellow-ochre, or other coloring commodity, may be introduced to change the color of the cement, to please the fancy of those who use it. It has been used with great success, and been recommended particularly as a protection against fire.

Small sparks of fire, that frequently lodge on the roofs of houses, are prevented by this cement from burning the shingles. So cheap and valuable a precaution against the destructive element ought not to pass untried. Those who wish to be better satisfied of its utility can easily make the experiment, by using it on a small tempoary building—or it may be tried by shingles put together for the purpose, and then exposed to the fire.

Steam-baked Bread.—It has been known for some time in Vienna, that if the hearth of an oven be cleansed with a moistened wisp of straw, bread baked therein immediately afterwards presents a much better appearance, the crust, having a beautiful tint. It was thence inferred that this peculiarity must be attributed to the vapor, which being condensed on the roof of the oven, fell back on the bread. At Paris, in order to secure with certainty so desirable appearance, the following arrangement is practised; the hearth of the oven is laid so as to form an inclined-plane, with a rise of about eleven inches in three feet, and the arched roof is built lower at the end nearest the door as compared with the furthermost extremity. When the oven is charged, the entrance is closed with a bundle of wet straw. By this arrangement the steam is driven down on the bread, and a golden yellow crust is given to it, as if it had been previously covered with the yolk of an egg.—*Annals of Chemistry.*

The Peach Tree.—I have tried an experiment in manuring the peach tree with the light and friable substance that collects under the floor of barns and other buildings. The trees on which the experiment was made, was standing in the same soil and of equal thrift. The quantity applied was a bushel to each tree, and the effect is quite apparent. The trees which had this dressing sent out large and vigorous shoots, while in those without, the limbs were smaller and of a more yellow cast. This substance contains a considerable quantity of saltpetre, an article necessary in the cultivation of the peach.—*Cultivator.*

Peach Worm—Tar.—A neighbor informs me that the application of hot tar to the roots of peach trees, effectually excludes the worm. The earth is removed for a few inches down, and the tar applied. It is not intended of course to destroy the worm, but to prevent its entrance in trees yet unaffected.—*Ib.*

Early Potatoes.—It is well known that the eye end of a potato will yield a crop earlier by some days, than the root end. This appears to be owing simply to the earlier growth of the sprouts from the eye end. Earliness will be greatly increased by placing the seed potatoes in a box of moist sand, early in the spring, in a warm place in the house; and then planting them when the shoots are about two inches long, taking care not to break them off.

New Method of Growing Asparagus.—The editor of the Horticultural Magazine, recommends a trial of the following method of growing asparagus, which is practiced at Nice, and of which a high account is given in the London Gardeners' Chronicle. Take a quart wine bottle; invert it over the head of a stalk of asparagus just rising from the ground, and secure it by three sticks, so that it cannot be knocked over. If left in this state, the asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle, and being stimulated by the unusual heat and moisture it is then exposed to, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place, the bottle must be broken, and the asparagus removed, when it will be found to have formed a thick head of tender delicate shoots, all eatable, and as compact as a cauliflower.

Miscellaneous Items.

Punishment for following Good Impulses.—James Delane, the colored steward of the schooner Empire, who attempted to secrete two slaves on board of that vessel, at Norfolk, has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for that offense.

Father Mathew.—This so justly distinguished divine, the peaceful apostle of temperance, is about to visit this country shortly; so says the editor of the New England Reporter and Catholic Diary, who has received a letter from him.

A Horrible Murder.—The New Orleans Picayune, of the 17th instant, gives the particulars, as detailed by the captain of a steamboat, of a most horrible murder, which, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped are greatly exaggerated.

A man named Stewart, residing at Cypress Bend, Arkansas, just above Columbia, was some time since robbed of a negro, by, as he supposed, some woodchopper of the vicinity. The circumstance, it seems, threw him into a violent and uncontrolable rage, and failing to catch the thief, or recover the negro, he swore that his dogs should eat the first woodchopper that ever again ventured upon his ground!

Only a few days since, some poor wretch of a woodchopper stopped at Stewart's door about nightfall, requesting the shelter of the roof till morning. Stewart admitted him, and soon after let in upon the man a parcel of savage young pups, securing the door against his egress. These, however, the poor woodchopper managed to keep at bay, upon which Stewart turned in his full-grown dogs, urging them to rend and tear the unhappy man to pieces. Driven to desperation, the poor wretch for some time kept off even these; when, like a very fiend in human form, Stewart rushed in with his gun, and shot down the stranger.

The remainder of the story is almost too revolting for pen to write, or eye to read. The demon, Stewart, actually *kept his oath!* It is given to us in veritable relation, that ere life was yet extinct, the dogs flew to their horrible repast, and tore the unfortunate man limb from limb.

Stewart instantly fled, and a reward of one thousand dollars is offered for his apprehension; part by the governor of Arkansas, and part subscribed by the citizens of Columbia. The neighbors found the bones of the poor woodchopper scattered about, and picked clean by the dogs.

Confirmed—The Herald (Ark.) paper of the 14th inst. fully confirms the account.

Whole Family Poisoned.—We have not read of a more dreadful calamity than that detailed by a recent number of the Granada (Miss.) Register. This paper informs us of the whole family of Mr. Morehead, residing near the Yazoo Pass, having been poisoned by eating peaches dried on a painted board. One of his daughters was to have been married on the very day she was so suddenly taken from earth. The marriage clothes were sent home as the funeral bier was preparing, and a cloud of woe bedimmed the now blasted hopes of the partner of her bosom. The eldest son, prostrated on a bed of death, had just returned from a five years' study in the learned cloisters of old Harvard, crowned with its laurel wreaths of honor and glory. Death spread his banner o'er the whole. Father, mother, son, and daughter, now sleep the sleep of death, stretched side by side, and wrapped in the embraces of the cold earth.

Fire.—The famous old tavern, called "The True American Inn," Trenton, N. J. was lately destroyed by fire, in the night time. John Bozer, a boarder, had barely time to escape with his life, after running to the front room and awakening two men who were lodging there. These men did not escape, and their black crisped remains were taken from the ruins. The trunks of the bodies, a shapeless and most shocking sight, without the legs, and one of them without a head, are all that remain. A poor woman, in a delicate situation, shrieked in vain from a third story window, the stairway being cut off by dense smoke and fire. No ladder could be found, and she jumped out, and is severely injured. A little girl, nine years old, promised to follow her, but did not, and was burnt—her remains being found in the ruins.

The innkeeper and inmates were all Germans; the two men burnt having been there but a few days. Four persons escaped. A severe storm retarded the engines. The house was the head-quarters of General Washington on the 2d of January, 1777, being the place where the council was held which decided upon the march upon Princeton.

A New Political Movement.—A member of the committee on internal improvement, in the House of Representatives of Illinois, has introduced some important resolutions into that body. They recommend the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, to meet by representatives in general convention, at Jonesboro, Illinois, on the 4th of July next, to consider, *first*, the best means to be adopted to secure the admission into the Union of all new States, on an equal footing, in all respects, with the older members of this republic, and like them, possess the right of eminent domain. Second, *the best means of preventing the slaves of the slaveholding States from deserting from their masters, and restoring such as shall desert, at convenient places, to their masters.*

A correspondent of the Madisonian says that the convention will be held, when the whole question of the public lands will be discussed, and an effort will be made to unite the southwest and western States in support of such propositions as may be agreed upon.

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PROPOSALS FOR PUBLISHING A VOLUME OF THE

Writings of William Lloyd Garrison.

The undersigned proposes to publish, (as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant the undertaking,) a volume of SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. The volume will be a duodecimo, of 300 pages or more, neatly printed